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IN SHADE AND SUN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY ETTIE ROGERS.

All in the sunset and the Summer weather,
That time young life was bright,
Two, laughing, came up the green path together,
And scaled the rosy height.

Behind them was a way of warmth and glory,
Before were chill and shade;
And such was type and token of the story
Their parted lives have made.

For one went backward through the sunshine singing,
One sighing towards the dark.
A memory the only brightness bringing
The onward way to mark.

Though other days should come, and sunsets glisten
Upon the rosy hill,
No true-eyed girl might come to him and listen
To words of wooing still.

Between them more than that green hill is lying
Who parted on the height,
One singing toward the sun, the other sighing
Toward the sunless night.

Between them lie long years of cold mutation,
New loves whose gladdest prime
Is but the far and vexing adumbration
Of that sweet bygone time.

THE DARK AND THE LIGHT:

OR,

DRIFTING APART ON THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

A Story of Absorbing Interest, Thrilling Effects, and Powerful Dramatic Situations.

BY JANE MILL,

AUTHOR OF "DAN'S TREASURE," "CLYTIE CRANBOURNE," "THE GOLDEN BOWL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—UNDER THE STARS.

How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. SHELLEY.

As unconscious of the storm that was gathering over his head as a child plucking sweet flowers by the banks of a river is of the danger that one eager step may precipitate him into, Robert Marker spent his time at Spa, meanwhile seeing a good deal of the Dorsets. Brother and sister seemed to have struck out quite a new course in life since the departure of Mabel and Loo; for, instead of secluding themselves and avoiding society, they now seemed never to be happy unless they had always some people about them. It had not been without an effort that Constance had tolerated Mrs. Talboys, and at length sought the friendship of that frivolous but essentially worldly-minded lady. Instinct warned her that she must have one female friend who could suggest social gatherings, invite the surgeon to them, and keep him also, until he was fairly landed, from perceiving his danger. All of which Mrs. Talboys was quite capable of doing—a match-maker by nature, as most women are. Having no daughters of her own to marry, she was always ready to give her services in such a case, and a little judicious cross-questioning on her part, answered evasively but with a conscious blush by Constance, enlisted her sympathy and co-operation at once.

But all this time, it must be remembered, Mrs. Talboys had not the faintest suspicion that Herbert Dorset, whom her husband had met in India, and his sister, who were distantly connected by marriage with Mabel Travers, were in any way identical with the Dorsets who some years ago had been notorious in the Grove House murder. Not that any suspicion of participation in the crime had ever attached itself to Herbert, but Mrs. Talboys was one of the very few people who had held from the first, and adhered to her belief, in Constance Dorset's guilt. And yet the identity of name had never struck her; had it done so, Constance might have waited long before she would have consented to be her chaperon. With all the advantages which Loo's absence and Mrs. Talboys' friendship gave, however, Constance felt that time was all important to her. Herbert was weary of the place, and daily talking of starting for England, where she felt she dared not go, and Robert Marker's stay also was limited; and believing that the change would give her great opportunities of hastening matters, she persuaded her brother to leave the hotel at which they were staying, and go to that occupied by their friends. The change answered her purpose, and, though Robert Marker would go off for solitary rambles, and at other times shut himself up in his own room, she still saw a great deal of him; and as General Speke was also resident in the same building, she could, she thought, play him off against the surgeon with good effect. Her very indifference brought the old soldier, who had successfully avoided the snares and pitfalls that for the last twenty years had been prepared to lure him into matrimony, to something like a declaration; indeed, he said so much, one night when he had dined rather freely, that Constance came to the conclusion she might venture to use his name in bringing Robert Marker to the point, for she had discovered that only ten days more were to elapse before he started for England.

It is evening, the month is November, the air is keen and frosty, but the stars shine brilliantly overhead, and Constance resolves she will put her fate to the touch, and not tamely submit to failure until she has made a bold effort for success.

"Is it too cold for a walk?" she asked after dinner, as she and the surgeon stood looking out at the stars and airing their small acquirements in the way of astronomy. "I feel as though I should so much like one."

"No; I don't think it is, if you wrap up well."

"Then I will get my hat on," and a few seconds later, her heart beating, her pulses throbbing, she came down equipped for the stroll.

It was a bad omen that, as she stepped out into the night air, the memory of another night when a dark deed, which time could never efface, was committed, flashed across her mind, and as she thought of it she shuddered.

"He knows it," she said to herself by way of palliation; "the others may not know who I am, but he does," and then she walked on, holding her companion's arm tightly, nervously, he thought, from the spasmodic squeezing and twitching which it endured, and thus the mute tenderness which she wished to imply, fell short of the mark.

They had walked on for some distance, talking upon many subjects which had very little personal interest, and Constance was beginning to feel that the object of her starlight stroll would fail unless she took the lead in the conversation, and perhaps even the duty of proposing, in her own hands. It was not a pleasant task, but it would be very much more pleasant, she argued, than to let him go away without any word being spoken; and, with a rash effort, like a boy taking his first header in deep, cold water, she plunged into her subject.

"What do you think of General Speke?" she asked.

He laughed.

"What an odd question. I think him a nice old gentleman, a trifle peppery, as though his principal diet was curry—as indeed I suppose it is; but beyond that I don't know that I have thought of him at all. Why do you ask?"

"Because he has—well, I may as well say it—proposed to me, and I have not given him an answer."

"Oh, I should think you could not do better. He is rich, good-natured, and would give you a position such as, living away from your friends and unmarried, you could not otherwise obtain."

"Then you advise me to accept him?" slowly.

"Certainly I do. Except that he is not young, he possesses every qualification to satisfy a woman."

"And that is all you care about me?" passionately.

"Care!" he repeated, in genuine surprise.

"Yes, care!" she went on recklessly. "Do you mean to say that you would like to see me marry another man?"

"Why not?" he asked, still not comprehending the scene—"particularly when I think it will be for your welfare."

"My welfare!" retorted the woman bitterly. "What do you care about my welfare, when you make me learn to care for you, and then advise me to marry another man?"

"My dear Miss Dorset," and the surprise and pain he felt were clearly evident in his tone and manner, "you grieve me beyond expression by what you say. I cannot be coxcomb enough to believe that this is more than a passing fancy on your part, and, believe me, I shall be as silent about it as I was until now unconscious of it. I thought you were lonely; I knew something of your history, and liked you; but for love, I had none to offer you."

"Ah! then, like all the rest of the men, you are a victim to that Loo!"

"I don't think it is part of my duty to make any confession to you upon the subject, Miss Dorset," he replied with dignity, annoyed and hurt at Loo's name being dragged into the conversation. "Look kindly upon General Speke, and forget that we have wandered from the point of discussing his merits, as I shall do."

But Constance never stopped half-way down a hill; though perdition were at the bottom, having commenced the descent she must still roll on to it; and she burst forth now, forgetting alike womanly modesty and delicacy, by saying:

"Robert, can't you love me? What makes me in your eyes repulsive? I love you so wildly, so devotedly, that I would give my life freely for one loving look, one kiss, once to know that for a little time I am yours," and she flung herself upon his breast, clinging to him as a drowning man grasps wildly at the first thing he can touch.

For a man who considers the privilege of wooing as among the prerogatives of his sex, such conduct as this is apt to find no favor in his eyes; nay, he is prone to resent it and feel disgusted with a woman who can thus far forget herself, never even discerning in his irritation the compliment paid to him, and Robert Marker was one of this class. More than that, at this moment came to him the recollection that this woman, clinging so madly to him, had once stood before a magistrate to answer a crime which, if proved, would demand her life as a penalty, and, also, that she had not been adjudged innocent, but her father was security to the present day for her appearance if called for. And, while this ran through his mind, contempt for her present conduct seemed to deepen the suspicion of the fact, and, gently but firmly unloosening her hands and holding her away from him, he said sternly:

"Enough of this, Miss Dorset; let us end this scene and never repeat it. If nothing else stood between us, the cause of your estrangement from your family would divide us forever."

He knew not the full meaning that his words carried to her ears; he was only conscious that she reeled like a drunken woman, or as a creature struck some heavy blow; then she cowered down as though shrinking in herself, till she crouched upon the ground, hiding her guilty face in her widely-opened hands, and uttering not a word in her own defense. But Robert Marker's patience was exhausted; and he said now sharply and with firmness:

"Miss Dorset, I am going to return to the hotel. Will you come in with me, or shall I send your brother back for you?"

She never answered him, but rose and walked in silence by his side; and well was it for Robert Marker that she had not the means at hand to do him mischief, for she was as wild and mad and reckless as an enraged lioness robbed of her young. Her hands were empty, however—not even a long pin that could do any mischief did she possess; her penknife had been left behind, and she was impotent to vent the fury that possessed her. Thus they walked on in silence together, parted as they entered the hotel without a word, and the next morning, before the usual time of rising, Robert Marker was steaming away to England. A remorseless enemy, however, was soon to be upon his track, for, throwing prudence to the winds, Constance was resolved to pursue and punish him. Truly

"Earth hath no hate like love to anger turned,
And hell no fury like a woman scorned."

CHAPTER XLV—WITH LADY TRAVERS.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves as well
When our deep plots do pail;
And that should teach us
There's a Divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.—SHAKESPEARE.

"What a pleasant place this is, auntie!" exclaimed Loo, as the morning after their arrival at Little Bampton the two ladies walked out upon the grass-covered space which for more than half a mile in length and a couple of hundred yards in depth runs along the side of the sea. This green meets the shingle and forms with its graveled walks in the centre the only parade which the place affords, if one excepts the pier, a kind of half-finished Noah's Ark stranded at the mouth of the river, and affording neither shelter nor rest beyond what can be obtained on the shelf-like seat that goes around the bulkhead of it.

"Yes," replied Miss Travers; "the air is so soft and balmy. The grass looks as fresh and young as though it were early Spring, instead of close upon Winter. I am told they sometimes have roses all the year round here; but the place looks desolate and deserted, so many houses are closed, and all the visitors have departed with the exception of a few invalids."

"Oh, but Lady Travers said there were some nice people living in the town about half a mile off, didn't she? That must make it pleasant, you know."

"Perhaps so. See, there is a ship coming in; shall we go on the pier and watch it?"

"Oh, yes; do you think we can reach it in time?"

"We will try," was the reply, and the two ladies set off to walk at a pace which precluded all possibility of conversation.

The "ship," as Mabel Travers with ladylike vagueness termed it, was a fine yacht, which with sails set was making its way to the harbor, for Little Bampton, besides doing a considerable shipping trade, and in the season having passenger steamers plying to and from the Channel Islands and some French ports, was also a very convenient calling-place for any light craft running either up or down Channel, the consequence being that one of the principal amusements of visitors was watching the ingress and egress to the mouth of the river. Mabel and Loo were in good time, though they reached the pier somewhat breathless, and, leaning over the river side of it, they watched the beautiful yacht, which, like a gigantic aquatic bird, came sailing along stately and calm, as though rocks and sand-banks were things unknown to its kind. As it neared the spot where our two friends were, a gentleman on board the yacht looked up at the faces of the half-dozen people watching him, and his eyes rested upon the countenance of Loo Travers, as upon a picture in a long-forgotten dream—as something familiar, yet not to be classified in the gallery of memory—and he continued to watch her lovely face till a bend in the river hid it from sight.

"How that old man stared at you!" Mabel observed.

"Did he?" asked Loo carelessly. "I didn't notice him; I only saw the beautiful yacht and the young man who seemed to command it. What a fine face he had!—did you notice him?"

"No," and Mabel looked at the child of her adoption curiously.

Had she been mistaken? Was the feeling between Loo and Robert Marker that which should exist between father and daughter, or between lovers who would hope to be one day husband and wife? As to his feeling on the subject she had no doubt. For she could form no opinion, and under no consideration would she ask a question that should start strange or false ideas in the girl's mind, or wring from her a secret one moment before she was prepared to disclose it. Thus it was that these two women, so devoted to each other that neither would count the sacrifice of life too great if rendered in the other's service, groped blindly in the dark, both thinking to save the other pain, and yet unconsciously afflicting it.

After watching the yacht the two ladies began to promenade up and down the pier, taking notice of the people they met, and being themselves objects of attention and curiosity. There was the curate who was to preach on the following Sunday walking about, staring at the sea the sky, at Loo's sweet face—all with the view, no doubt, of finding material and inspiration for his sermon. Also the young dissenting minister, who thought an additional quantity of ozone, and a morning spent in the contemplation of the beauties of nature, would also be for the benefit of his flock, and perhaps, too, for his own welfare. Besides these were some young girls, daughters of one or two families who had come down to Little Bampton to spend the Winter, and who, with their mothers, governesses, or elder sisters, looked like flocks of chickens under the protection of some friendly hen. Among these people Loo and Mabel looked like some strange birds in their some-

"THE DARK AND THE LIGHT."—"Do you give this young lady in charge for stealing your brooch?" asked the man sternly. "I do!" exclaimed Lady Travers. "Then you must come with me, please," said the constable, to Loo, who was reclining in Mabel's arms.

what foreign style of dress; but it was not a lively company or a very numerous one, and after a time the two ladies walked off on the sands, passing, though at a distance, their own house, and went on eastward for a mile or two, returning, however, through fields with thick hedgerows all green, and with flowers in bloom, as though they had traveled back a couple of months in the year.

"So you are back at last! Where have you been?" asked Lady Travers when the two ladies came in.

Mabel started.

"Oh, we have been for a walk," she replied, and instinctively she regretted not having been firm on her arrival in this place, and insisted on taking lodgings for herself and Loo, instead of consenting to be the old lady's guest. Indeed, it was only the fear of paining her aunt that had induced her to yield.

"I made your house my home for many a year," said Lady Travers, in a hurt tone, "and now you refuse to live in my house for even a few weeks. Well, go your ways, Mabel; I knew you were proud, but I never thought you took pleasure in inflicting pain upon the old and helpless," and so saying, with her moire train dragging behind her, she tottered, rather than walked, to her straight-backed chair.

Truly, Lady Travers was not what she had been in the days gone by, as far as constitution went; but the gleam of her eye was as keen and distinctive as ever, and Mabel as she looked at her felt an instinctive mistrust of her relative, even while she yielded to her. Oh, if she had but heeded the instinct—but it was not to be. Instead of that, she soothed the old lady down, told her she would be very happy to accept her hospitality, then took possession of the two rooms communicating with each other that had been prepared for herself and Loo. She was not in a condition or frame of mind, however, to be quite satisfied with such an arrangement; her long residence abroad had made her particularly independent in thought and manner of living; she had now come down to Little Bampton for her own convenience, not for the amusement of Lady Travers, and therefore, when she was, as it were, called to account for the first morning spent there, she felt inclined to resent the liberty at once.

"Loo, dear, go and take off your things;" then, when left alone with her aunt, she said:

"We have both of us changed a great deal during the last few years, aunt, and I more than you. I am so accustomed to my own way that you must let me have it now."

"Well, what is it? I always insist upon being mistress in my own house."

"Precisely," assented Mabel; "therefore, as I also insist upon being perfectly free to come in or go out as I please, to receive whom I like, or leave the room when I choose, I will do either of two things: rent the house next door, which is to let furnished, or pay you for Loo's board and my own. Now, don't get into a passion; I mean exactly what I say."

Lady Travers' face became very red, then very white, then red again, despite the ashy hue of age that had grown over it; for a few seconds she did not speak; then, when she could command her voice, she said:

"I know it is useless to try to persuade you, Mabel; you must stay here—make what terms or conditions you will."

"Very well, aunt," was the reply, for the speaker was surprised at her easy victory. "I will pay you three guineas a week each for myself and Loo; and now we will dismiss the subject. By the way, do a great number of yachts put in here? We saw a little beauty enter the river this morning."

"No, not many. I saw that one come in. It belongs to young Reginald Speke. His father made quite a fortune during the American Civil War with blockade-running. They live about a mile up the river, at Speke Hall, a very pretty place, I am told."

"Yes, I saw a young man and an older one, besides several sailors," assented Mabel. "You don't know the Spekes personally, I suppose? We met a General Speke in Spa; probably he is a relative."

"Not very probable, I should think; a blockade-runner the brother to a general!"

"I don't see the inequality. I could mention the name of a son of an earl who was the most celebrated among the blockade-runners, the Hon. Charles Augustus H——; therefore there would be nothing wonderful in your sailor and my soldier being brothers."

"Really, Mabel, how you do talk. My sailor, indeed, when I never spoke to the man in my life! He has not had the civility to call, and I should not have known him or his yacht either, if Willows, my maid, had not pointed it out and told me about them."

"There are no ladies in the Speke family, then, I suppose?"

"No; Mrs. Speke died a couple of years ago, and Reginald was their only child, so I am told—not that I ever interest myself in my neighbors."

"Well, the Spekes can scarcely be called neighbors of yours when they live a mile up the river, but I should not be surprised at your knowing more of them later on. I believe the general means to propose to Constance Dorset."

"What! He must be old enough to be her father."

"True, but he can offer her a home and position such as she is not otherwise likely to gain; but don't mention the matter before Loo. I have a great objection to her hearing marriage spoken of as a matter of ambition and convenience. I think a young girl's mind cannot be kept too pure or innocent of the sins and petty artifices of the world in which we move."

"I don't agree with you. I don't believe in the innocence that springs from ignorance," asserted her ladyship. "Teach a girl good and evil, I say, and let her make her choice."

"To a certain extent, perhaps, you are right; but the knowledge of good and evil may imply a very intimate acquaintance with the latter, and I think even a little ignorance on the subject desirable. But there is the old gentleman we saw on the yacht to-day, walking on the parade; is that Captain Speke?"

"Yes."

"Then the general is his brother. How odd!" and Mabel walked out of the room, little dreaming how near to losing her darling she might be.

Meanwhile Loo was sitting in her room dreaming of Robert Marker and wondering if he did love Mabel—if she loved him, and, in that case, what would ultimately become of her?

"I could not live with them when they are married," she thought; "such a thing would be impossible. No; I will go away, be a governess, a servant, anything rather than live and see both of them lost to me—anything except marry Herbert Dorset—that would be even more intolerable."

CHAPTER XLVI.

LADY TRAVERS STRIKES AT LAST.

And if you but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade if unforgiven
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.—BYRON.

A week passed, and Loo had become interested in some of the people who were staying in this quiet little sheltered nook on the Sussex coast, though she had as yet made no acquaintances among them. There was the old gentleman whom Mabel said had stared at her from the deck of the yacht, and sometimes the younger one was with him, whom Loo had herself admired; but, though they evidently took great interest in her, and their big dog Nello, less ceremonious than his masters, came to her side and boldly made friends with her, not even a bow had yet taken place between them. A lady, too, attracted Loo's attention. Young she must be from her carriage and the lithe suppleness of her figure; dark, too, if one might judge from the brown-black hair so tightly pinned up at the back of her head; but she invariably walked about wrapped up in a big, gray shawl, with a brown gauze veil tied closely over her brown hat and face, thus hiding complexion, expression and wellnigh features, until it would have been quite impossible for even those who knew her well to recognize her. About this girl, for such she was convinced she was, Loo wove as pretty a romance as it is possible to imagine, the only drawback being that there was not one atom of fact or reality in it; but romances are pleasant, even when we weave them ourselves and the characters are all ideal or creatures of our own imagination, and so Loo wove her gossamer fancies, drifting like a flower floating on a river till it reaches the rapids and currents, and is at last whirled off to the deep, remorseless sea.

Mabel and Loo had been for a walk on the sands. Nello, the big, black dog, which belonged to the two gentlemen whom they had first seen on board the yacht, had been showing his affection for Loo by bringing her an enormous hen-coop which he had rescued from the waves, and now, oblivious of the quantity of water which was dripping from his coat and his trophy, he deliberately deposited it upon her lap. A jump of surprise, laughter, expostulation, and the elder gentleman stepped forward and apologized, calling the dog off, and threatening him with his stick, until Loo interceded for the dumb creature, declaring that she did not mind it a bit. Whereupon the gentleman and Mabel made some observations; the gentleman fancied he had met the ladies before; Mabel was not certain, but knew someone very much like him—Major-general Speke. Then the stranger claimed the general for his brother, produced his card, asked to be allowed to introduce his son, and, before they parted, requested and obtained permission to call upon them.

"What very nice people they are! and the young man is very agreeable, isn't he, auntie?" asked Loo carelessly, as they walked back towards their temporary home.

"Yes"—reluctantly—"but let us make haste. I am hungry, and that dress of yours is completely spoilt by Master Nello's antics."

The girl looked ruefully at her dress. Alas! it was too true. Three large, dark stains of sea-water and mud, each of them as big as her hand, had left their imprint on the front of her costume, showing no sign of departure now they had become dry.

Entering the house by turning the handle of the front door, as is usual in seaside houses, they were surprised to find in the passage and dining-room, instead of the usual preparations for luncheon, a constable, some excited servants, and to hear Lady Travers' voice in excited tones saying:

"Yes, I insist upon every box in the house being searched. I don't care who it belongs to. I will not be robbed by anyone!"

"What is the matter, aunt?" asked Mabel, stepping forward.

"I have lost a brooch—a diamond brooch. The one I showed you a week or two ago. A twisted brooch, with forget-me-nots in diamonds. The one I told you I intended to give to Constance Dorset. I will have it found, wherever it is! Constable, do your duty!"

"Very well, my lady. Will you give me your keys, if you please, miss?"

"My keys!" repeated Mabel in indignant amazement. "Was it for this," she asked with subdued passion, "that I have sheltered and provided for you for years, and that you begged me to stay in this house, even though I pay you for myself and this child? Pause a minute, aunt, for your own sake, not mine. Remember the brooch which Elaine gave to Loo; it was that which made me close my house at Notting Hill against you; this is another trick of the same kind; but if you persist in it I will not spare you so easily, and I will invoke the fullest punishment the law can inflict upon you."

As she spoke Lady Travers started, turned pale, and hesitated, but she had gone too far to retract, and she said doggedly:

"I have said every box in the house shall be searched, and it shall."

"Then I shall be able to tell you where to find the brooch," said Mabel calmly, turning to the constable. "Nine or ten years ago that woman," pointing to Lady Travers, "tried to fix the theft of a brooch upon that child," indicating Loo. "The brooch belonged to my sister, who had given it to my niece. Now Lady Travers thinks she has managed better. Loo, give the man your keys; the brooch will be found among your things."

"My keys!" repeated Loo in horror. "I have not locked anything; all my boxes and drawers are open. I have not seen a brooch; what can they be thinking about?"

"You hear what my niece says? Here are my keys," said Mabel, handing them to the man; then she put her arm around Loo and walked with her into the drawing-room.

"My dear child," she said gravely, "you must prepare yourself for a great trial. I have done very wrong in bringing you into the same house with this wicked old woman. She always hated you, now she is trying to work your ruin. Can you be firm and brave, my child, and believe that if my life and fortune have to be expended for it I will prove your innocence, and punish her for this vile conspiracy?"

"Innocence! Conspiracy! What does it all mean, auntie? I don't understand."

"It means, dear, that she has put some trinket of her own among your clothes, and will accuse you of having stolen it; don't you understand what that means?"

"What! She will put me in prison, call me a thief! O auntie! I can't live under it, the shame, the disgrace. I shall kill myself! I shall die!"

And the girl was becoming frantic when Mabel, with her stern good sense, laid her hand upon her.

"Loo, be calm; I insist upon it," she said firmly. "Don't disgrace yourself and me by such weakness. Is this the fortitude and courage I have heard you speak of? Does innocence cry out for escape like perjured guilt? Are you the only woman who has been falsely accused of a crime? Let me be proud of you as I have ever been, Loo, and bear this, as you would have me bear it, if, as I would to Heaven it were possible, I could suffer it instead of you."

"Dear Mabel, my more than mother, I am ashamed of myself. I will be firm and calm. Kiss me, and hold my hand; now I am better," and with a deep sigh that was almost a sob the girl nerved herself up to the ordeal that was before her.

A few minutes later and a constable came into the room. His manner was grave and respectful; he had no liking for the task he was about, and Lady Travers had not won his approval or confidence by the manner in which she had helped to toss Loo's delicate finery and girlish treasures about until he had insisted that she should desist. Nothing had been found, however, search as they would, except a small box of Spa manufacture, with views of the pretty Belgian watering-place upon the cover and sides; but this was locked, and the wicked old woman, who to Loo's excited fancy seemed like a bad and malicious fairy, insisted that it should be broken open.

"I'll ask the young lady for the key first," was the surly rejoinder, and he came down to do so.

"The key was in it this morning," said Loo. "I put some violets in it that I had gathered before breakfast."

"Well, it isn't here now, ma'am, and it's locked," sturdily.

"Then break it open," said Mabel, with impatience.

"Shall I, ma'am?" he questioned Loo.

"Yes," she replied reluctantly; "but don't hurt the box if you can help it," and turning to Mabel she added: "Mr. Marker gave it to me."

"Never mind, he can give you plenty more; no one can be more indignant than he will be at your being placed in this position. Well, constable, have you found it?

"Yes, ma'am."

Loo shuddered, and the servants looked on in sympathy; all present felt certainly enough whose hand had placed it there.

"Of course, I knew you would," continued Mabel bitterly. "The question now is, where is the key of that box? The theft of a key is as criminal in the eye of the law as the theft of a brooch, and, Lady Travers, I saw that key in your hand an hour ago, when I came in unexpectedly for a necktie; you were standing by that window with your back to me, and I saw you looking at it. I thought it was a trinket at first, and was surprised to find it was only a small key. Where is it?"

"It is false; I have not had it. I—I have seen no key to-day."

"You held it in your hand, Grace"—to the housemaid—"you saw it also?"

"Yes, my lady had a key in her hand," assented the girl.

"Of course I had the key of my desk," she asserted boldly. "What should I know of the girl's key? You don't suppose I went to her boxes, do you?"

"I know you did. You have done it before, but you were in my house then. Well, constable, what is the next thing?"

"Do you give this young lady in charge for stealing your brooch?" asked the man sternly.

"I do!" exclaimed Lady Travers with defiant hate as she glared at the girl whom for so many years she had so impotently hated.

"Then you must come with me, pie use," said the man, looking at Loo and Lady Travers, "and you, ma'am, and the servant had better come to speak about the key, if you're ready to swear to it," he went on, addressing Mabel. "I don't want to make things more unpleasant than my duty compels me, so you can send for a fly if you like."

"Of course; thank you."

The order was given, and not long afterwards, the housemaid seated by the driver upon the box, the constable by the side of Lady Travers, and with Loo and Mabel facing them, the odd party drove off to the police-station.

As they drove along the dusty road a big dog barked, ran by the side of the carriage, and seemed as though it would speak to someone inside; and so persistent did it become, that two gentlemen to whom it belonged called it off and looked at the occupants of the fly as they might not otherwise have done.

"How odd!" exclaimed the younger man. "There's Stubbs the constable with those ladies. What can be the cause? They are going to the police-station. Can they be in trouble? That girl's face looks as though she had been frightened out of her life. I wonder if we can help them?"

"At any rate, we'll follow and try," replied Captain Speke. "That old woman looks like an evil witch. Come along, Nello; good dog, he shall have an extra biscuit for that."

With which they followed the carriage, that was not yet out of sight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A tiny, pretty boy one day, with mother by his side,
Tripped the village street along, and in his hand a little banner carried;
How straight his form, how fair his face, his head a mass of golden curls!
But in his bright and shining eye I saw how much he prized the toy
That in his hand he carried. Ah, I thought, what if upon some future time
He should be called that starry banner to defend!
And straightway a battlefield before my vision grew.
One vast plain, strewn with many a loved mother's pride—
Friend and foe together lying side by side.
I heard the cannon's roar, I heard the dying groan of many a valiant one.
But see on yonder bank that youth whose golden locks glitter in the sun,
And in whose hand our country's banner's held—whose iron grasp the
Glittering sabre wields. He sees the brave ones fall around him one by one.
And for his country's honor madly rushes on;
A flash, a groan, and his arm falls listless by his side. But, ah! what with
Lightning grasp he wraps the dear-loved flag across his breast so nigh,
And, not dismayed, he cleaves his way, resolved to conquer or to die.
So there are in our land to-day so many brave and true.
Then long may peace and plenty reign, and brave hearts never lag
To raise the arm in freedom's cause! God bless our starry flag.

Union, N. Y., July 4. K. M. KIRKWOOD.

THE DRAMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY A RETIRED ACTOR.

The world has been well compared to a stage, and man to a poor player, who, if he acts well his part, is sure of a rare benefit when the curtain falls upon the last act of the mysterious drama of Life, enacted within the great theatre of Time. On the other hand, to transpose the foregoing, all the stage is a world, and all the players merely men and women, as will be clearly seen by this my hasty peep behind the scenes.

The drama is the great art of arts, at once the most vivid, the grandest, most beautiful and perfect of all, as it is

The art divine,
In which the sister arts their charms entwine.

Many of the masterpieces of literature have been presented to the world in the form of dramas; both genius and piety in all ages and countries have been supporters of the stage—in some instances writing for it, in others acting upon it, and in some both writing and acting, as did Shakespeare.

The profession of an actor is at once ancient, honorable and arduous—as difficult of access, withal, as it is to abandon after one has once fairly "rubbed his back against the scenes," as it unfits one for aught else, and there is attached to it a strong and peculiar charm which nothing else can supply. It is the player's office "to hold the mirror up to nature," to catch the manners living as they rise," and thus, as with the poet, "bard who foreran the ages," to form "the abstract and brief chronicle of the time." The qualifications requisite to constitute a good actor are varied and manifold, as there should be united in his mind and person a rare combination of gifts and graces, among which a good voice, face and figure, in form, power, pliableness and expression, a fine memory, self-reliance, etc.; and he should also be proficient in the arts of singing, dancing, fencing, dressing and making up. He should likewise possess a good education, being especially familiar with history, should be a close student of human nature, and above all should be possessed of that exquisitely susceptible temperament which is an inseparable and indispensable characteristic of the true artist. Even though lacking some of the above-mentioned qualifications, one may nevertheless become a good, nay, even a great actor, as Garrick, Cooke and Booth, the physically small, and the lame Kean, with a vile voice, upon the proud pinions of their peerless genius soared beyond the very clouds. Success upon the stage depends largely upon the selection of the line of business, that for which one is best adapted being determined by experience only, for it is frequently the case that while the taste lies in one direction the talent lies in another entirely opposite, as in the case of many famous comedians who at the beginning of their dramatic career aspired but to the higher walks of tragedy, and many eminent tragedians who fancied themselves fit only for the very lowest of low comedy.

The author of this little sketch for a long time fondly aspired to and foolishly imagined that he would shine, nay, fairly blaze, in theatrical glory as Macbeth, Othello, Richard III, etc.; but at length, after many bitter mortifications, he became known only as a very "eccentric old man." Yet let the afflicted be consoled, for verily it takes the wisest man to play the fool, just as a humorist in literature must ever be the deepest thinker; for, in order to joke well upon any given subject, a most profound knowledge of the subject in question is ever an invariable prerequisite.

The comedian is generally the most serious and intellectual member of the entire company; good ones are rarer than good tragedians, as in the world we ever find too many to make us weep, but too few to make us laugh. The tear is ever ready to flow at the merest trifle, carelessly uttered by a mere child or even an idiot, while to evoke a smile often requires the highest powers of genius the most transcendent. The clown in his motley garb, the comedian with his painted face, and the humorist with his goose-quill are among the greatest benefactors of mankind, for the great mission of mirth is to cheer and strengthen, to purify and refine, to elevate and ennoble the human soul. Often, however, when the most amusing to others, he is himself the saddest of mortals; as for instance in the case of the great and inimitable Liston, viz., one of the most eminent medical men of that day in London, whenever medicine failed to operate favorably upon his patients, often quite ill himself, and, as he declared, greatest prescription, in the form of these simple words: "Go and see Liston!" till at length one day the most woebegone of all human beings presented himself to the doctor for examination, who told him that he only had a fit of the blues, and that the best thing that he could do would be to "go and see Liston."

"Give me a mirror, then," responded the poor sufferer, in accents the most melancholy.

"For what?" said the doctor.

"Because," quoth the unlucky wight, with a visage of despair and in a most sepulchral voice, "God help me, I am Liston."

An actor has many masters to please, among whom are the public, the press, company, manager, author, and, most difficult of all, of a conscientious artist himself; and all this, too, when the play is printed one way, cut in another, rehearsed in another, and performed in another. Or he may be ill, have a poor part, be cast out of his line of business, or be obliged to take a part at short notice, or those having scenes with him may be imperfect and ruin his best points; nevertheless, of all this the public takes no note, but judges him simply by the effects which he produces.

Perhaps the best time to study is at night, though not too long at a time, or one, instead of learning, but unlearns. By study the memory becomes wonderfully developed, so that some are enabled to wing their parts, though a quick study is attended by a forgetfulness as speedy, and vice-versa. At times, without any apparent cause, memory suddenly and momentarily forsakes even the oldest actors, the mind becoming but a perfect blank; and that, too, in some part which he has played many times, and which he knows backward as it were, or like the very letters of the alphabet.

In all well-regulated theatres there is, of course, a prompter, though sometimes he fails in the performance of his duties, and there are many old actors who are unable to take the word from even the best prompter. It is an easy matter, comparatively speaking, to memorize a thing to be recited to a few friends in a quiet room, though a decidedly different affair to learn that which is to be declaimed amid noise, bustle, hurry, sudden changes, the strongest glare of light, before strangers, for money, and that too in an artistic manner. Again, it is difficult to study a skeleton part from a MS. when one knows but little or nothing of the story, or the relation of his own part thereto, and has nothing but cues to go by, which too often are not given. Actors have a saying that "good parts make good actors;" and another that some parts are so good or fat that they play themselves; nevertheless, a true artist will do his best to improve a poor part in the playing, while by his careful performance of a good part he will try to render it even better.

As to form a dramatist so to constitute an actor, as we have said, requires a combination of rare faculties, chief among which a temperament of exquisite susceptibility, without which all other endowments, however valuable in themselves, are but as naught. Whenever an old actor sees a novice utterly devoid of nervousness, he well knows that he will never make an actor, for he comprehends not the responsibility of his situation, and, being wholly destitute of the sensibility to feel the varied passions of the character, he is of course entirely lacking in the power essential to its delineation or portrayal.

The oldest actors are at times very nervous when playing a part for the first time with a new company or before a strange audience; and, indeed, I never new a good performer who was an exception to the rule. The advice of the great Booth (the elder) to a novice, who asked him how one could become a good actor, was to "be natural," and that embraces the thing in a nutshell. Forget yourself, and all the rest will come; lose yourself in your impersonation, forget your own identity and the presence of the audience, and you will act well your part. This is, perhaps, the most difficult of all to accomplish, and only genuine talent, united to a sufficient amount of experience, can enable one to attain this great end.

An actor is obliged to rely wholly upon himself; by his own merits must he rise, as by his shortcomings must he fall; nor can he employ a substitute, nor defer the performance of his duties; but upon the arrival of the hour, like a soldier, must be at his post, prepared to discharge his duties promptly and to the best of his ability. Alas! too often the tinkling of the little bell which is the signal for the rising of the curtain, though so musical to the ears of the expectant audience, is to the luckless performer like the great knell of doom. Little does the public dream of that which an actor suffers when not up in or shaky in his part, or when playing with a new company, or before a strange audience, though he tries to console himself as best he may with the poor player's proverb: "12 o'clock *will* come." There are those, I regret to say, who, being alike destitute of respect for themselves, the author, manager, company, audience, and their noble profession, constantly neglect the study of that which is assigned them, being able, as they style it, to "fake" through even the longest representation, or to cackle an endless number of lengths, which they shamelessly substitute for the text of the author. Thus, while the audience pay for one thing they receive another, a fraud as shameless as it would be for a grocer to furnish a customer with sand instead of sugar, or with sawdust in the place of meal. This is also called fluting or gagging through a part, and in the best theatre is heavily fined as the serious offense that it is. One law at least should be most rigidly enforced in every theatre in the universe, and that is the one so clearly laid down by Shakespeare, who wrote from the most ample experience as an actor, viz.: "Let your clowns speak no more than is set down for them."

There are two branches of our subject which are great arts in themselves—that of dressing and that of making-up. One with a scanty wardrobe, with proper taste and knowledge, can make a better appearance than one with an extensive wardrobe who knows little or nothing of costuming; and one who is proficient in making-up can thereby, in a measure, atone for many deficiencies, while he heightens the effects of his other merits.

I have frequently been unable to distinguish, at first sight, actors with whom I was playing, when at a short distance behind the scenes—once mistaking my old and highly esteemed friend, the late sterling comedian William B. Forrest, who, refined gentleman as he was, I imagined to be some old vagabond who had stolen into the back-door of the theatre. Upon a certain occasion, while playing at the Providence Academy of Music, my own uncle, who had known me from babyhood, and who visited the theatre for the express purpose of seeing me perform, utterly failed to recognize me, even though favored with a front seat in the parquet, and though I was on and off the stage nearly the whole time. Thus too often, when a young man, while playing old men, many people positively declared that, far from being young, I was really but the "lean and slippered Pantaloon" which I represented. True, in addition to an elaborate make-up, I filled out the picture by an entire change of voice, walk, gestures and manner.

Though their temptations are many, actors are but seldom guilty of grave offenses: their virtues are great, their vices of the minor order, and of the members of no other profession, not excepting even those of the clerical, can one say as much. Their toil is unremitting and severe, their recompense but small; their expenses are heavy, yet they are by all odds the most generous people in the world. Their politeness is proverbial; and with their study of and insight into human nature and character, their taste for the artistic, whether numorous or pathetic, their talent for recitation and mimicry, their musical abilities, and their minds so fully stocked with the choicest gems of literature, which they only can recite, it is no wonder that their society is sought by the most talented members of all the other profess

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

SPORT.—1. It is Jack Goulding's book to which you allude. Inclose fifteen cents, in a letter addressed to him in our care, for a copy. 2. It is called a "rally" when the combatants in a pugilistic match get to close quarters and fight with both hands. 3. The "crosscounter" is a slanting blow delivered with the right hand at your opponent's head (the jaw is usually the point aimed at) as his body is thrown forward in delivering the left. In delivering the crosscounter throw your head slightly to the right, rise on your toes, and bring the right shoulder forward.

A PLAY, Brownsville.—1. 1:29½, by Ten Broeck. 2. Alarm's best time is 1:42¾. 3. Lula is a trotter, and her best time is 2:18. 4. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1878, which contains all kinds of fast time and "dead" performances. The population of this city is about 1,056,000; of this State, about 4,800,000. 6. A is out on jack turned up. 7. The jack would count, even if the cards ran out. 8. Of course, no such time was made. 9. The general impression was that his death was "fixed." 10. It can be filled in the draw.

Q RUS.—1. The Maid trotted at Belmont Park in 1876 to beat 2:14. As the judges announced that she did not beat that, she made no record, and therefore made no time at all. 2. As 2:14 is her best record, she has never beaten it for the purpose of deciding bets or publicly answering questions. If, for example, we knew that she once went in 2:06, for us to state so in print would only cause confusion and lead to a loss of bets on the part of people who do not understand the difference between time that is of record, and time that is not.

SCULLER, Auburn.—If it can be shown that any hidden obstruction was placed there with the intention of interfering with one of the contestants, and that by reason thereof said contestant was prevented from winning the race, then the referee should order the race rowed over, and take proper precautions against a repetition of the trouble. If, however, investigation promptly instituted fails to establish the fact of such intentional obstruction, then the contestant completing the course should be awarded the money.

OLD READER, Wilmington.—1. The present style of competing time was adopted by Great Britain and her colonies in 1791-2, eleven days being left out, so that Feb. 11 became Feb. 22. 2. The first passenger railroad begun in the United States was the Baltimore and Ohio, the first stone of which was laid July 4, 1828. A short road from Charleston to Hamburg, S. C., was completed before it, in 1829. On both roads horse-power was at first used. Altogether, it is a long story. Railroads and locomotives were both in use in England before being introduced here.

RACE PLAYER.—While a game of ball is in progress, the catcher of one club gets injured, and has to leave the ground; his club, not having another man, refuses to finish the game. How should the umpire decide the game? Should he decide it a tie, the score being even on the last even inning, or should he call the game forfeited by a score of 9 to 0? The game is completed if they refuse to play. They must either put in a substitute or play with eight men.

READER, Owasso.—1. B is correct, unless it had been specifically agreed, as is the case in some coteries here of late, that the age should pass to the next player. 2. C bets first. Properly, there is but one "age" to every hand at poker, and the "age" is not transferable. 3. An attempt has been made here to invade this well-known rule, which has stood since poker was first established; but that attempt amounts to nothing but a special agreement—like, as is often done, playing poker with a short deck.

E. K., Long Island.—Study no works on elocution, and memorize no leading parts in comedies, is our advice to the young man

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

INTERNATIONAL GAMES.

July 16, Manchester vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
July 16, Lowell vs. Tecumseh, at London.
July 16, Lowell vs. Tecumseh, at London.
July 17, Star vs. Buffalo, at Buffalo.
July 17, Rochester vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
July 17, Worcester vs. Utica, at Utica.
July 18, Manchester vs. Hornell, at Hornellsville.
July 18, Manche ter vs. Utica, at Utica.
July 18, Worcester vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
July 18, Star vs. Hornell, at Hornellsville.
July 18, Lowell vs. Buffalo, at Buffalo.
July 19, Lowell vs. Buffalo, at Buffalo.
July 19, Worcester vs. Tecumseh, at London.
July 20, Worcester vs. Utica, at Utica.
July 20, Manchester vs. Hornell, at Hornellsville.

LEAGUE GAMES.

July 16, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 16, Chicago vs. Milwaukee, at Milwaukee.
July 16, Providence vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 18, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 18, Chicago vs. Milwaukee, at Milwaukee.
July 18, Providence vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 20, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 20, Chicago vs. Milwaukee, at Milwaukee.
July 20, Providence vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.

PHILADELPHIA GAMES.

July 16, Schuyler vs. Mutual, at Twenty-fourth street and Rid. e avenue.
July 17, Mutual vs. Schuyler, at East Park.
July 18, Athletic vs. Lochner, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue.
July 19, Young America vs. Riverton, at Wayne Station.
July 19, Schuyler vs. J. Bach, at East Park.
July 22, Athletic vs. Eckford, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue.
July 25, Athletic vs. West Philadelphia, at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue.
July 23, Young America vs. Eckford, at Wayne Station.

LOCAL GAMES.

July 16, Orange vs. Hudson, at Orange.
July 16, Laurel of Harlem vs. Tyro, at Fordham.
July 16, Astor vs. Friendship, at Union Ground.
July 17, Columbia vs. Eagle of Staten Island, at Hoboken.
July 17, Amity vs. Friendship, at Fleetwood Park.
July 17, Astor vs. Hickory, at Union Ground.
July 18, Witoka vs. Hudson, at Union Ground.
July 19, Montgomery vs. Pastime of R. I., at Union Ground.
July 20, New York vs. Pastime of R. I., at Union Ground.
July 22, Amity vs. Astor, at Union Ground.
July 25, Amity vs. Noisy, at Fleetwood Park.

THE LEAGUE ARENA.

At Milwaukee the receipts from ball contests there are said to yield scarcely a hundred dollars a game, and the St. Louis papers state that at the game with the Bostons on Thursday there were not six hundred people present. In view of this unprofitable condition of things, why do not Messrs. Pettit and Rogers agree to play their schedule games on their respective grounds—in this city? The people are anxious to see some League or first-class International nines play here, and they would liberally patronize them. Except in regard to Cincinnati and Chicago, the rich veins of baseball have been mined to the fullest extent out West. As for St. Louis, pool operations have run the game into the ground, as in Philadelphia the Indianapolis and Milwaukee managers reflect on their respective grounds—in this city! But these facts, and finish up a consultation by resolving to play their games in Brooklyn during August and September, except, of course, those appointed to be played in Boston and Providence.

The record of the League championship contests up to July 14, inclusive, shows the Bostons at the head of the list in won games for the first time, with the Chicagos second and the Cincinnatis third. This is likely to be the positions a month hence if the Cincinnatis do not work together more harmoniously than they have done recent ly. They have lost a strong player in Pike; but what is the use of playing strength if a man cannot work with good feeling with the field captain? Either the one or the other has to go. In this case, the captain did not, and the ex captain did. If the player taking Pike's place leads to more harmony in the team, then there is a chance for Cincinnati to pull up lost ground. The Providence nine continues to be an experimental team, and as such will not succeed. The record is as follows:

	Chicago	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Providence	St. Louis	Won.	Drawn.	Played.	Per ct.
Boston	4	2	5	5	6	20	0	27	.741
Chicago		3	7	4	4	18	1	32	.563
Cincinnati	0	6	2	4	6	18	1	32	.563
Milwaukee	0	2	3	1	2	8	1	32	.250
Providence	3	1	1	4	2	11	0	28	.393
St. Louis	0	1	2	2	3	8	0	32	.250
Games lost.	7	14	13	15	24	14	18	4	128

THE INTERNATIONAL ARENA.

The disbandment of the Crickets of Binghamton, N. Y., makes some important changes in the relative positions of the clubs in the championship arena. As the Star, Buffalo and Hornell Clubs had each won three games from the Crickets, and the Rochesters had lost threes. Of course all these games played by the Crickets with the other twelve contesting teams, except the first game played with each, will have to be thrown out of the count, inasmuch as they have only played one game with the Hartford Club and but one with the Springfield of the championship series. The following is the record of International games played by the Crickets of Binghamton, N. Y. (who disbanded July 9):

Date.	Winning Club.	Losing Club.	Where Played.	Score.
(1) April 18	Hornell	Cricket	Hornellsville	8 to 6
April 18	Hornell	Cricket	Binghamton	5 1
April 20	Utica	Cricket	Binghamton	7 5
April 25	Star	Cricket	Binghamton	5 4
April 26	Utica	Cricket	Utica	7 4
May 1	Cricket	Lowell	Lowell	7 4
May 2	Lowell	Cricket	Lowell	10 7
May 3	Manchester	Cricket	Manchester	13 0
May 4	Cricket	Manchester	Manchester	4 0
May 6	Cricket	Live Oak	Lynn	6 4
(2) May 7	Live Oak	Cricket	Lynn	1 0
May 8	New Haven	Cricket	New Haven	7 4
May 10	Cricket	Springfield	Springfield	14 4
(3) May 13	Utica	Cricket	Utica	6 4
May 14	Star	Cricket	Cricket	6 5
May 15	Cricket	Rochester	Rochester	7 0
May 16	Hornell	Cricket	Hornellsville	7 0
May 18	Cricket	Allegheny	Binghamton	3 0
May 20	Cricket	Allegheny	Binghamton	4 3
May 22	Star	Cricket	Binghamton	6 4
(4) May 25	Cricket	Hornell	Binghamton	9 0
May 27	Cricket	Rochester	Binghamton	5 0
May 28	Cricket	Rochester	Binghamton	5 0
June 3	Tecumseh	Cricket	Binghamton	9 0
(5) June 5	Buffalo	Cricket	Binghamton	3 2
June 19	Rochester	Cricket	Rochester	4 0
(6) June 20	Cricket	Tecumseh	London	4 0
June 21	Tecumseh	Cricket	London	9 1
(7) June 22	Buffalo	Cricket	Buffalo	3 1
(8) June 29	Buffalo	Cricket	Binghamton	8 0

(1) 10 innings, (2) 15 innings, (3) 11 innings, (4) 5 innings (rain), (5) 10 innings, (6) Cricket vs. Tecumseh at London, Ont., (7) 10 innings.

The record now stands as follows up to July 13 inclusive:

	Allegheny	Buffalo	Cricket	Hartford	Lowell	Manchester	Rochester	Springfield	Star	Tecumseh	Utica	Worcester
Allegheny	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	1
Buffalo	1	0	1	2	3	1	1	2	0	2	1	2
Cricket	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Hartford	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hornell	1	1	0	2	2	1	2	1	2	2	1	2
Lowell	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1
Manchester	1	1	2	0	0	0	2	0	2	1	0	2
Rochester	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Springfield	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Star	1	2	1	2	2	1	2	1	0	2	1	2
Tecumseh	0	1	2	1	2	0	3	2	1	0	0	2
Utica	1	1	2	1	1	0	2	1	0	2	0	1
Worcester	0	0	2	1	2	0	2	1	0	2	1	0
Lost	7	6	13	12	15	3	20	9	5	16	4	13

It will be seen that the Stars lead—by fewest defeats—the Tecumsehs being second, and the Buffalos third, with the Lowells and Uticas tieing for fourth place.

CRICKETERS AT BASEBALL.

The Young America Club owe much of their fielding skill in cricket to their playing baseball matches On July 11 they played the Alerts. It was their second game together, and ended as follows:

YOUNG AMERICA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Newhall, s. s.	3	3	0	3	0
Dando, 2d b	3	2	1	0	2
Gowan, c	2	1	0	2	1
Davis, 3d b	2	2	1	2	0
Pearce, c	1	0	5	0	0
White, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Richardson, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Wright, 1st b	3	1	9	0	0
Dixon, c.	3	2	4	0	0
Totals	18	11	27	7	3

ALERT.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cuppitt, 1st b	0	0	8	0	0
Buzzard, 3d b	1	0	2	2	0
Birchall, l. f.	1	0	3	0	0
Morley, c	0	0	5	0	0
Livesey, 2d b	1	0	1	0	0
Spendley, s. s.	0	0	2	1	4
Drake, c. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Kephart, c.	1	1	2	1	0
Buche, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	5	2	27	4	4

Young America, 3 0 0 0 0 0 3 3 3—10
Alert, 0 0 0 1 2 0 0 0 2—5

Earned runs—Young America, 4. Total base-hits—Young America, 33; Alert, 6. First base on errors—Young America, 12; Alert, 8. Umpire, A. L. Church. Time, 2h. 10m.

MILWAUKEE vs. PEORIA.

On July 10 the Milwaukee Club met the Peoria Reds at the new park in Peoria, Ill., over two thousand persons being present. It was a finely-played game, and was won by superior handling of the stick.

PEORIA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
J. Gilson, 3b	4	0	0	1	2
Loftus, 3d b	4	0	1	1	6
Alvers'a, c	3	0	0	2	1
J. Rowe, c	3	0	0	1	0
W. Gilson, s. s	3	0	1	2	3
Carroll, 1st b	3	0	0	18	1
Taylor, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0
Radbo'ne, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0
D. Rowe, p.	3	0	0	1	5
Totals	29	0	2	27	19

MILWAUKEE.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dalr'mple, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0
Peters, s. s.	5	0	1	4	1
Fisher, 3d b	4	0	1	5	1
Schaefer, 2d b	4	0	3	3	0
Foley, 3d b.	3	0	1	3	0
Cramer, 2d b	4	0	1	1	1
Bennett, c.	3	0	0	13	1
Holbert, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0
Golden, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0
Weaver, p.	3	0	0	1	5
Totals	31	2	5	27	10

Peoria Reds ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Milwaukee ..... 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—2

Umpire, J. Julian of Indianapolis. Time, 1h. 35m.

SPRINGFIELD vs. HOLYOKE.

More than a thousand persons on July 13 enjoyed one of the best games ever played at Holyoke, Mass., when the above nines came together. Up to the eighth inning only three of the visitors and two of the home nine reached first base, but in this inning, with two men out, Boseman stole from second to third, and got home on a passed ball. Corcoran reached first on an error by Winchester, went to third on Bragley's base hit, and crossed the plate on another passed ball by Lynch. These were the only runs scored during the game, in which the Springfields made but one error and their opponents four.

SPRINGFIELD.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sullivan, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Winchester, 2d b	4	0	1	2	5	1
Donovan, 1st b	3	0	1	16	1	0
Syner, 3d b	4	0	0	1	3	0
Driscoll, p.	3	0	0	0	6	0
McLaughlin, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	1
Lynch, l. f.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Tierney, s. s.	3	0	0	2	4	0
Bergh, c.	2	0	0	6	0	0
J. Lynch, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0	2
Totals	32	1	2	27	19	4

HOLYOKE.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Major, c.	4	0	0	1	7	0
Page, r. f.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Mc Graw, c. f.	4	0	0	2	3	0
Williams, 3d b	4	0	1	0	3	0
Hough, 3d b	3	0	0	2	0	4
Rhue, 2d b	3	0	0	1	1	3
Ellis, s. s.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Freeman, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0	3
Pierce, p.	3	0	0	0	4	2
Totals	31	0	2	4	27	12

Springfield, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0—2
Holyoke, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Earned runs—Springfield, 1. First base on errors—Holyoke, 1; Springfield, 2. Umpire, C. H. Daniels. Time, 1h. 55m.

NATIONAL vs. EAGLE.

The fifth District championship game between the above clubs was played in Washington July 15, and resulted in a Waterloo for the Eagles. Pierce was batted for seventy-eight base-hits and ten earned runs, and the Eagle nine went to pieces in the first inning. With the exception of Trott's first-base play the fielding of the Nationals was superb, while that of the Eagles was about the worst ever witnessed there.

NATIONAL.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holly, l. f.	7	5	5	0	0	0
Houck, s. s.	7	4	2	2	0	0
Fouser, 2d b	7	1	1	1	2	0
Dallas, c. f.	7	4	3	1	0	0
Bielaski, c.	7	4	3	0	2	0
Trott, 1st b	7	3	3	9	0	3
Reville, 3d b	7	2	3	2	4	1
Kenny, c.	8	3	2	9	4	0
Bannon, p.	7	3	1	0	9	1
Totals	61	29	28	27	21	5

EAGLE.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Major, c.	4	1	1	7	6	1
Page, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	1
Mc Graw, c. f.	4	0	2	3	0	6
Williams, 3d b	4	0	1	0	3	0
Hough, 3d b	3	0	0	2	0	4
Rhue, 2d b	3	0	0	1	1	3
Ellis, s. s.	3	0	0	0	2	1
Freeman, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0	3
Pierce, p.	3	0	0	0	2	4
Totals	31	2	4	27	11	27

National, 5 0 0 1 2 0 0 0 x—8
Eagle, 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—2

Earned runs—National, 10. Three-base hits—Holly, 1; Fouser, 1. First base on errors—National, 5; Eagle, 5. Umpire, W. E. Stearns. Time, 2h. 5m.

HORNELL vs. BUFFALO.

A game for the State championship, played at Hornellsville, N. Y., July 13, was won by the home team, whose all-round work was far better than that of their opponents:

HORNELL.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b.	5	1	2	2	3	0
Dunlap, 2d b	4	0	0	5	1	0
Mansell, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Derby, r. f.	5	1	3	5	1	0
Keenan, c.	5	1	2	5	3	1
Clapp, 1st b	5	0	1	7	0	0
Critchley, p.	4	1	1	0	5	0
Gardner, c. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Totals	40	4	10	27	15	4

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Crowley, c.	4	0	1	5	2	5
Allen, 3d b.	4	0	1	6	1	2
McSorley, s. s	4	0	0	3	3	0
Egner, c. f.	3	0	2	2	1	1
Libby, 1st b.	4	0	0	6	1	1
Galvin, p.	4	0	0	0	5	0
Palmer, 2d b	4	0	0	0	7	0
Dolan, l. f.	4	0	2	1	0	0
McGonigle, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	0	6	27	18	12

Hornell, 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0—4
Buffalo, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Earned run—Hornell, 1. First base on errors—Hornell, 4; Buffalo, 5. Double-plays—Fulmer, McSorley and Allen, McSorley and Allen, Derby and Keenan. Umpire, J. B. McElroy. Time, 1h. 50m.

CHICAGO vs. WILWAUKEE.

The result of the game between these clubs at Chicago, Ill., July 12, placed the Whites on an equality with their opponents so far as the record is concerned, the Milwaukees losing by three runs, mainly owing to poor baserunning.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Harbidge, c.	5	0	1	6	1	2
Start, 1st b.	5	0	0	10	0	0
Anson, 1. f.	4	1	0	3	0	0
Ferguson, s. s.	4	2	3	1	5	1
McClellan, 2b.	4	1	2	3	3	0
Cassidy, r. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Larkin, p.	4	2	3	0	4	2
Hank'son, 3b.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Remsen, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	1
Totals	38	6	10	27	18	10

MILW'K'EE.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Slade, s. s.	5	1	1	3	2	0
Lee, 2d b	5	2	1	3	3	1
Smith, c.	5	1	2	11	2	1
Nelson, c. f.	5	0	0	1	0	0
Bunce, 1st b.	5	0	1	7	1	0
Schaefer, 3b.	5	1	2	1	3	1
Lynch, 2d b	3	0	1	4	1	2
Foley, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	3
Weaver, p.	4	0	0	0	5	0
Totals	39	5	9	35	17	8

Chicago, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Milwaukee, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Earned runs—Chicago, 3. Two-base hits—Chicago, 5. First base on errors—Chicago, 1; Milwaukee, 4. Double-plays—Hankinson and Start. Umpire, J. G. Julian of Indianapolis.

The Chicagos jumped into second position in the pennant race by obtaining a victory over the Wisconsinites on the 13th. The Whites secured one run each in the first and fourth innings off errors by Peters and Foley, and in the seventh, by heavy batting, aided by a costly error by Peters, which enabled them to put together half a dozen, two of which were earned. Errors by McClellan in the fifth inning gave the visitors two runs, and in the sixth good batting secured three more tallies.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Harbidge, c.	5	0	0	5	2	1
Start, 1st b.	5	2	3	13	1	0
Anson, 1. f.	6	1	2	2	0	0
Ferguson, ss.	5	1	1	0	4	1
McClellan, 2b.	5	2	1	4	2	2
Cassidy, r. f.	5	2	3	2	0	0
Larkin, p.	4	1	1	1	8	2
Hank'son, 3b	4	0	2	0	2	0
Remsen, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	43	8	13	27	19	7

MILW'K'EE.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Slade, s. s.	4	1	1	3	2	0
Lee, 2d b	4	1	1	2	3	1
Smith, c.	4	0	0	11	2	1
Nelson, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Bunce, 1st b.	4	0	1	11	1	0
Schaefer, 3b.	4	0	1	1	2	1
Lynch, 2d b	4	0	0	1	3	0
Foley, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Weaver, p.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	36	2	5	32	17	3

Chicago, 0 0 0 1 0 2 0 3 x—6
Milwaukee, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0—2

Earned runs—Chicago, 3. Two-base hits—Chicago, 5. First base on errors—Chicago, 1; Milwaukee, 4. Double-plays—Hankinson and Start. Umpire, T. Gillean of London. Time, 2h.

JERSEY CITY vs. HARTFORD.

The second game between these clubs was played at Jersey City July 13, the result being a well-earned victory for the Jersey City nine.

HARTFORD.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hod'worth, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Barrett, l. f.	1	0	2	0	0
Lynch, p.	1	1	0	16	0
Dolan, s. s.	0	2	2	2	1
Fleet, 2d b.	0	0	1	3	0
Clinton, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	1
West, 2d b.	0	0	1	1	1
O'Brien, r. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Barnie, c.	0	0	13	4	0
Totals	2	4	27	22	11

JERSEY CITY.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Shandley, 1. f.	1	0	0	2	0
Sweeney, 1st b.	1	0	9	0	2
Esterbrook, s. s.	1	0	3	3	1
Poorman, p.	0	0	0	8	1
Voss, 2d b.	0	0	3	2	0
Quinn, 3d b.	0	0	2	1	0
Carroll, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Lewis, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Weaver, p.	0	0	1	6	0
Totals	3	0	27	24	5

Hartford, 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1—2
Jersey City, 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 x—3

First base by errors—Jersey City, 6; Hartford, 4. Umpire, M. Malone. Time of game, 2h.

NEW BEDFORD vs. CLINTON.

The New Bedfords met the new semi-professional team of Clinton at Clinton, Mass., July 12, and defeated them 5 to 6 after a hard fought game. In the fifth inning the umpire had his nose broken by a foul tip, and Mr. Murphy of the Hudsons umpired the rest of the game very satisfactorily. Outside of the pitcher's and catcher's errors, the Clintons played a fine fielding game, and with a little more practice will worry some of the older teams.

NEW BEDFORD.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Seward, c. f.	0	0	3	0	1	
Edwards, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	
McGinnis, 3d b.	0	2	4	0	1	
Carter, s. s.	1	0	2	2	3	
Extance, 1st b.	0	0	8	1	0	
Sausch, p.	0	0	1	2	2	
Gov, 2d b.	0	1	0	2	2	
Nelson, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0	
Skelly, c.	0	0	6	1	6	
Totals	1	3	27	8	12	

CLINTON.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Conway, c.	0	1	1	8	3	0
O'Neil, 1. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Barnard, p.	4	0	1	0	4	0
McG'chey, 1b	4	0	1	9	0	1
T. Burke, 3b	3	0	0	1	0	0
Cadogan, l. f.	3	1	0	1	1	0
Burns, 2d b.	5	2	1	2	2	0
Carroll, 1b.	5	2	2	9	0	2
Riordan, p.	5	0	1	4	1	0
Henne'y, c. f.	5	2	1	0	0	1
Totals	42	6	9	35	11	4

New Bedford, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
Clinton, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 6—6

Earned runs—New Bedford, 2. Base on errors—New Bedford, 3; Clinton, 2. Two-base hits—Gore, Bradley. Umpire, L. Murphy, Hudson Club. Time, 2h. 10m.

PITTSFIELD vs. HAYMAKER.

The tournament in which the Springfields, Pittsfields, Holyokes and Haymakers of Troy are to take part, each club playing two games with each other, commenced July 11, when the Springfields beat the Haymakers and the Pittsfields defeated the Holyokes. Friday's rain prevented the game with Springfields in that city, but on Saturday, 13, the Haymakers played their first game of the series with the Pittsfields of Pittsfield, Mass., and were beaten by 11 to 7. Their one run was made in their ninth inning by a two-base hit and a wild throw by Ricker.

PITTSFIELD.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stevens, l. f.	6	2	1	1	0	0
Hopper, c. f.	6	0	2	0	0	0
Quinby, c.	5	1	0	4	1	1
Rice, 1st b.	5	1	1	13	1	0
Ricker, 2d b.	5	2	1	2	6	1
Latham, 3b.	5	1	2	1	3	0
Horgan, r. f.	5	0	2	3	1	0
Turoldy, s. s.	5	3	2	2	3	2
Burns, p.	5	2	1	1	1	1
Totals	46	14	12	27	16	5

HAYMAKER.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hulter, p.	5	0	1	0	2	2
Lewis, 3d b.	4	0	0	2	4	0
Golden, c. f.	4	0	2	4	0	0
Weaver, p.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	34	1	4	27	12	13

Pittsfield, 1 3 2 0 6 1 0 0 1—14
Haymaker, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1

Two-base hits—Ricker, Latham, Turbidy, Butler, Black. First base on errors—Pittsfield, 7; Haymaker, 3. Umpire, Thomas Doyle. Time, 2h.

NEW BEDFORD vs. WORCESTER.

The New Bedfords challenged the Worcesters at Worcester, Mass., July 11, in a New England championship game, Matthews having been expelled the day before, and Fowler, the Chelsea mulatto, occupied pitcher's position and proved a bothersome customer. Ripp Gillespie played a fine game for the home nine, and Davis, Murrie and Brad ley for the visitors, who did some brilliant fielding, the home nine filling the bases several times, but being unable to get in a run.

WORCESTER.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sullivan, c.	4	0	2	6	1	3
Gillespie, 2b.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Wood, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0	1
Williams, 1st b.	4	1	1	13	0	0
Say, s. s.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Kelnsch, r. f.	4	0	2	3	0	0
McGlynn, c.	4	0	0	7	0	0
Battin, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	3	2
Fowler, p.	3	0	0	1	6	1
Totals	34	0	5	27	13	9

NEW BED'D'R.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gore, c. f.	4	1	0	2	0	0
Evans, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Piggott, 3b.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Bradley, p.	4	1	1	1	7	1
Reilly, c.	4	0	1	7	1	3
Stovey, 1b.	4	1	1	13	0	0
Davis, 2d b.	4	0	0	2	3	0
Murrie, s. s.	4	0	0	2	6	0
Stone, l. f.	3	1	1	2	0	1
Totals	35	3	6	27	17	7

New Bedford, 0 0 0 2 1 0 0 0 1—4
Worcester, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Two-base hit—Householder. Three base hit—Reilly. First base on error—Worcester, 1; New Bedford, 4. Double plays—Say, Gillespie and Householder. Umpire, Henry Murphy of Worcester. Time, 2h.

ROCHESTER vs. LOWELL.

At Rochester, N. Y., on July 15, the home nine won an International championship game from the Lowells, whose only two runs were the result of errors and timely hits combined. The local team only scored in one inning; but the three they then made on safe hits by Crane, Tobin and Hanlon, and errors by Booth and Hawes, proved sufficient to win them the game.

ROCHESTER.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Crane, 2d b.	5	1	2	5	4	2
Tobin, 1st b.	5	1	1	11	0	0
Hanlon, 3d b.	4	1	2	0	1	1
Cogswell, 1b.	5	0	0	13	0	0
Dailey, s. s.	4	0	0	1	3	0
Hawkes, 2b.	4	1

FIVE GIRLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FABE MARTIN.

The first was a vision with flaxen hair,
And such an ethereal eye and smile
As told of the genius that harbored there,
And the wit that in ambush lay the while;
And I knelt, and I offered—'twas much for me—
A heart; but she laughed at the gift, and said
It was kindly meant; but, indeed, 'twould be
Not worth her acceptance without a head.

The second was the very nymph of dreams,
Transparently, beautifully pale,
Like the moon when she sheds her mildest beams
Through a summer-cloud's fleeciest, faintest veil;
And I knelt again, and she left me kneeling,
And, with queen-like steps and averted eyes,
She was gone, ere the power of devoted feeling
Could shape into words what it uttered in sighs.

And the third was a perfect Hebe, glowing
With all that life's loveliest morning brings,
And, radiant with happy spirits flowing
From living and pure and sheltered springs;
And I knelt with a sigh that she would not hear—
But she heard my petition, and answered: "No!"
And she laughed at my sorrow and starting tear,
And vanished before it had time to flow.

The fourth—oh! I know that large, dark eye:
Those curls of the gloss'est raven jet;
I have worshiped their beauty in hours gone by,
And my soul remembers its slavery yet.
Shall the secret thoughts of my heart at length
Not find to my lips their timid way?
Too late, and in vain!—their collected strength
Trembles, and dies in a faint essay.

But the last of the five is passing now;
How she sweeps majestically by!
There is moonlight upon her lofty brow,
And romance in her beautiful eye.
Her thoughts in a far-away country roam,
All peopled with fancies divinely fair,
And thither her image is floating home
To be welcomed, I ween, as the fairest fair.

Dowagiac, Mich.

THE NIGHT OF "THE OAKS," OR A DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

CHAPTER FIRST.—BEHIND THE "IVORY GATE."

If many an opera-box could speak, it would, perhaps, tell tales of fiercer passions and deeper sorrows than were being simulated on the stage, while the occupants of that fashionable cell were apparently as bland and emotionless—except when it was proper to applaud—as becomes well-behaved people.

The scene was her Majesty's Theatre, and it was the night of "The Oaks." All fashionable London had been on Epsom Downs in the afternoon, seeing the great filly race of the year. The event had been a surprise—the favorite had been beaten; and Fashion now crowded the opera-house to hear a divine singer and to discuss "The Oaks" between the acts. There was more color in the cheeks of aristocratic belles than is usual in a London audience, for lunch that day had been exhilarating, and champagne-corks had rattled like musketry. People noticed with surprise that Sir Brian Delamere, owner of Thenia, the winner of the great race, did not accompany his lady; and gossipers wondered whether the distinguished turfman were displeased, or merely chagrined at his wife's impetuous and imprudent act after the mare came in a winner by half a neck. In a spasm of delighted enthusiasm her ladyship had rushed at Budd, the jockey of Thenia, when he came from the scales, and kissed him on the pale cheek, in full sight of the astonished occupants of the grand stand and the "Ring!"

Lady Delamere occupied a box over the stage—it was, in fact, the last of the tier; and when the great artists stepped out of the picture, as it were, she watched them with a languid curiosity. Her thoughts were evidently far away from the music and the scene before her. If we could have looked behind the "Ivory Gate" of her memory, as she leaned back to escape glances of admiration and curiosity, we should have seen pictures of the blooming fragrance of Sicily, the sparkling sea and the Summer haze of Naples, as she had looked on them as a radiant bride more than a decade ago. And the earliest memorable picture of them all, we should have seen it in the Eternal City. It is the picture of a vehicle drawn by four fleet horses, perfect in symmetry and in their kind. She saw those horses now, prancing on nothing, somewhere between her box and the dome-chandelier. They were jet-black in color, somewhat thick of neck and shoulders, with broad and tapering heads, small, quivering nostrils, wide, red nostrils, round backs, prominent muscles and dainty feet.

And the driver! With what amazing *sang froid* he handled the ribbons behind the equine quartet! Different from now did he then appear. Handsome—apparently tall enough to have descended from the Anakim—oval face, large, dark-gray eyes, immense mutton-chop whiskers, aristocratic air, elegant turnout, liveried servant—how minutely she remembered every feature of the gleaming vision.

And her own spontaneous exclamation as it passed:

"Oh! how perfectly lovely."

And her father's:

"What a splendidly-matched team!"

And her mother's:

"What a very distingue-looking gentleman! I cannot distinguish his crest, but I have no doubt he is an English nobleman."

Still other pictures would have become visible behind that "Ivory Gate." There is, for instance, a charming Cheshire woodland scene. In the midst a noble mansion. It is Delamere Hall—her home and the home of the four black Arabian steeds of Rome. There is the picture of a bright baby girl, too, that Sir Brian never cared for, who went to join the angels after the brief home-spell had been broken so far as the tiny innocent's sire was concerned. There was a terribly touching picture of a wee coffin, and a forlorn mother keeping over it, with an eye near to pity that was not a husband's eye. And there were vivid studies of days and nights of anguish and weariness when Sir Brian pursued the bent of his own inclinations and left his wife alone. Nay, not alone, there were the servants, and there was Mr. Blackett Beaumont, the knight's young and handsome cousin—a student and a dreamer. And there were photographs of bailiffs also behind that "Ivory Gate," and silhouettes of harshness, and many other unpleasantly graphic sketchings, wandering in a confused panoramic way through the teeming brain of that elegantly-attired and beautiful occupant of that stage-box.

There was also another picture which she had tried hard to efface. It was a pale likeness of herself standing within the garden wall on the smooth lawn at Delamere, and Mr. Blackett Beaumont, passion-pale and trembling, held her hand. It had been proven to her that Sir Brian was associating with a notorious woman. The black firs were cut clear and distinct against the pure, serene opal of the fading sky. A star or two were dimly visible, and not a breath stirred the silent foliage of the holm-oaks, folded as it were in sleep, or the drooping flowers, drowsy with the very weight of fragrance they exhaled. It was the time and the place for a confession of love. What a mockery it seemed to Thenia to stand there and watch his ebbing color—to listen to the faltering voice in which he betrayed his secret! She had dreamt of an affection such as this; but Medusa's head had dissipated the dream of conjugal bliss. Yet, standing on that dawn in a fading light, with the aroma of the gall and the wormwood impregnating her, she bethought her of to-morrow's waking, of to-morrow's repentance. She remembered that the blank that had rendered existence so dreary might be even less tolerable than before. She had urged her to leave for England; and so at last she said: "I dare not talk with you, for I mistrust myself; but I implore you to leave me now, and leave me, if possible, forever!" Then she burst into tears and rushed precipitately into the house.

Her maid saw the face that was turned to look at the drooping form still standing motionless on the lawn, and the girl remembered its wild, tender and mournful expression when she heard the end.

No; Sir Brian had not been angry with his wife for kissing the jockey. He felt like publicly saluting both wife and jockey himself. He was only joyful as a criminal reprieved at the very foot of the gallows. He was as one suddenly snatched from the darkness of despair to the garish gleams of triumph. When the mare—named after his wife—was landed by the clever jockey half a neck in front, Sir Brian had won what redeemed him from irretrievable ruin. Nay more; he was twenty thousand pounds ahead of fate. Talk about hanging everything on the turning of a die! Talk of clinging to a straw! Had Budd and the mare come in second or third, the baronet would not only have been a monumental bankrupt, but would have been proved a daring forger as well.

The situation was suspected by, if not known to, Lady Delamere, and he was not unaware of it. He could, therefore, appreciate the paroxysm of joy that flashed forth in a kiss. It was not until his kinsman Beaumont approached in time to witness the impulsive act that Sir Brian realized the exquisite grotesqueness of the incident. As for Lady Delamere, she blushed crimson. Her confusion was so apparent that the baronet cried gayly:

"There's nothing to be ashamed of; it's a devilish good joke—a first-rate joke, eh Budd?"

The kiss had been inspired by an impulse of incontrollable gratitude—gratitude for the deliverance from a humiliation that would have come with the morrow. If Sir Brian's fortune and reputation had perished in the race for "The Oaks," Lady Delamere would have offered herself a sacrifice to Blackett Beaumont. Hence the effect of the tableau upon herself.

"Permit me to congratulate you, Delamere!" said Beaumont when the crowd of Ring men had discharged their bundles of notes into the baronet's hand and retired. "I am as pleased as if I had won the money myself, and you, Lady Delamere, don't tell me after this that there's nothing in a name—there is victory in 'Thenia,' that is certain."

Sir Brian drove to town with his wife, but excused himself from accompanying her to the opera.

"The trial would be too dreadful," he said; "had your namesake's nose not come past the winning-post in front, to-night's attendance would have been 'positively my last appearance'—I should have done something dreadful after the opera. As it is, I feel like a bow suddenly relaxed—too restless to compose myself or to listen. No; I shall stroll round the clubs, and up to Tattersall's, and learn what men have been hard hit by Thenia's performance. Beside, I've had enough of this excitement. I shall devise a scheme of reform: do you know an idea occurs to me of retiring to Italy for a year's rest and reparation?"

"O, Brian! I do hope you will carry that idea out! I do fervently implore you to adopt that course!"

"Well, well, my dear, we shall see to-morrow. Meanwhile go and hear Titiana, and I'll ask Beaumont to drop into your box. Shall I or not?"

She reflected an instant, and said:

"Yes; ask him."

CHAPTER II.—BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

It was under the train of circumstances which has been rather suggested than depicted in the foregoing chapter that Lady Delamere sat in her opera-box alone, reviewing the past and daring to believe that she already saw in the events of the day the dawn of a happier life. She felt herself stronger. She was not afraid to meet Mr. Blackett Beaumont alone. She had resolutely put the picture of their last meeting on the lawn in the lumber-room of her memory. Consequently, when he was ushered in, Lady Delamere received him with easy affability and joyous smiles. The trial had been less easy to him. Indeed, to avoid what he expected to be a painful conversation, he induced a friend to accompany him. This friend he now introduced thus: "Mr. Marmaduke Rolfe—Lady Delamere."

The opera was soon over, and from their peculiar position, aided by a defect in the drop-curtain, Mr. Rolfe could see the dancers collecting for the opening tableau of the ballet. He drew the attention of his two companions to those amusing and fitful revealments.

"It would be very funny if we could get through that door," said her ladyship merrily.

"I wonder what there is behind that door?" said Beaumont.

"Oh, I dare say it will open into a sort of skeleton-box. I have seen such in several theatres. They are used by the stage-manager. You see, it commands a perfect view of the whole stage," thus Rolfe.

"That is just what we cannot see," burst in her ladyship; "it's just what I should like to see. It must be so novel and interesting behind the curtain."

"I go to reconnoitre," said Rolfe, rising; "perhaps we may be able to manage it."

He returned just as the curtain rose. A hundred sylphs, with expanded gauze and gracefully-bent arms, were seen engaged in a series of evolutions illustrating the bliss of existence in the warmly-tinted glade in which a kind fate had placed them. It was honeycombed with amaranthine bowers of beauty, and far surpassed any dreamer's notion of Eden or Arcadia. Nothing apparently remained to crown the perfect beatitude of existence but the presence upon the blue lake's silver shore of their radiant queen. And the bevy of shapely, silvered-limbed houris were supposed to indicate this want by their billowy movements and their ultimately forming themselves into a wreathy, living lane, along which, sure enough, came cavoorting, genuflecting, gyrating, and otherwise projecting her heels—tee-totuming across and down the lane, amid its labyrinth of extended limbs and enchanted smiles—a magnificently-formed, supple, strong, dark-eyed beauty of Naples; and straightway the audience exhausted itself in a wild furor of applause.

The bewitching premiere assoluta then executed, amid continuing plaudits, some of those feats which look so absurdly easy, but which are so monstrously difficult as to demand the practice of years; and with a dashing tour de force she carried herself fairly off the stage immediately below Lady Delamere's box.

"Isn't she pretty, and so surprisingly strong and clever!" said Lady Delamere, fanning herself.

"Clever, certainly; but not pretty," said Beaumont.

"But she has splendid eyes, hasn't she?" said her ladyship, addressing Mr. Rolfe.

"I admire her Hebrew eyes," he said, "but with trembling. Jael had those full, dark, inscrutable eyes; and she probably looked as that lithe dancer looked just now when she anchored the sleeping Sisera to his native heath with the tent-nail. But let us take a peep inside that door. From that somewhat ramshackle 'coign of vantage' your ladyship will see what the rest of the world will not see for five minutes."

The three passed softly inside the door, and gazed curiously upon the novel scene. There were ballet dropping into attitudes; there were countless scene-shifters running about; the ballet-master was gesticulating; and a few privileged habitues, trespassing on the stage, were exchanging jokes, banter and compliments with the corypheus. It was a busy, apparently confused, and altogether unwonted sight for Lady Delamere. In her newly-awakened interest, she advanced a step or two, so as to command a more comprehensive view. At the same moment Blackett Beaumont started back abruptly, saying:

"Don't go any further, I pray; let us retire; we shall be noticed. Lady Delamere!" he continued in an eager whisper, "pray, let us retire!"

She motioned him towards her with her hand; but her eyes were not withdrawn from a group beneath her. There was the superb danseuse, her massive bosom still heaving with her exertions. Behind her a tall, handsome man was busying himself in the knightly task of shawling the marble-like neck, shoulders, and bosom in her ear meantime, and otherwise exemplifying his admiration for the vigorous beauty.

Lady Delamere panted with emotion, and the tingling blood mantled her cheeks as she turned away and took Beaumont's arm. It was with difficulty she could restrain her sobs as she took her seat in her box; the voluptuous danseuse was again before the audience, and was earning plaudit upon plaudit by her new exhibition of exquisite art. Lady Delamere would have liked to have entered an arena with that girl, armed with deadly weapons, on the condition that but one of them should emerge therefrom alive.

They left before the performance ended. Rolfe's quick perception recognized the situation, and his warm heart instantly prompted him to endeavor to put matters right. He therefore took his leave, and, descending into the penetralia, briefly apprised Sir Brian of the state of affairs.

The knight turned away and uttered a fearful imprecation. Just then the premiere came panting off the stage, and looked the surprise she was yet unable to speak at his changed mood.

"My wife saw me behind the scenes," he said. "I had told her I would not be at the theatre at all."

The danseuse laughed a scornful laugh, and said:

"Then make haste and get on your knees before her. Ha, ha!"

Rolfe noticed that Delamere seized her hand and kissed it.

When, heavily cloaked and veiled, the famous premiere assoluta entered her carriage at the stage-door there was a little throng in the dimly-lighted side-street. As she seated herself she said, loud enough to be heard by those who were there for the purpose of listening:

"You had better go home and get whipped!"

This was addressed to Sir Brian Delamere, who held her hand.

"Never!" he said; "I shall never leave you!" and the carriage bearing them both rattled off.

Lady Delamere and Beaumont had been among the observers of this singular departure; but they had not overheard the remarks. They entered a carriage and drove to the lady's town residence. Her companion's silence evidently exasperated her. Finally, after several nervous looks, she said:

"Do you remember that evening at Delamere Hall? Oh, what a fool—what a miserable idiot I was then!" And she burst into a storm of sobs.

Until this exhibition Blackett Beaumont had not felt himself at liberty to speak. He now spoke by an action more significant than words. He put his arm around her and said:

"Be mine to-morrow, dearest."

And she replied and said: "Yes, to-morrow we will go to Italy."

And thus through the well-meaning act of Mr. Rolfe a double elopement was incited, and four lives were sacrificed.

It was a curious coincidence that the night of "The Oaks" should have been the last of the famous danseuse's engagement at the theatre. And it was a still more singular coincidence that the parties to the double elopement should have unconsciously embarked on the same M-diteranean-bound ship. But facts are proverbially stranger than fiction, and it also happened that the steamer "Lady Clare" exploded her boilers off the coast of Portugal while struggling in a storm. A terrible scene ensued. Not a sail was in sight. More than a hundred souls had been instantly ushered into eternity. Dark despair settled upon the few still alive. It was evident that the "Lady Clare" would soon sink. The danseuse shrieked like a demon, and alternately cursed Sir Brian and besought the Virgin to forgive her for having deserted her husband and child. The hull began to quiver and settle. Under the spell of that last supreme moment, Sir Brian rushed to his lawful wife.

"Forgive me, Thenia!" he cried.

"Yes, I forgive you!" she said, and they went down into the roaring, seething abyss with their companions in crime and shame.

EVEN JUSTICE.—Lawyers at least will pronounce as equal in wisdom to anything recorded in the reports of Solomon's decisions the judgment pronounced in Paris long ago by a French tribunal. One Julbe, an apothecary dwelling at Pont d'Ain, took to himself a wife, and for three nights thereafter was charivaried by his indignant, envious or simply riotous neighbors, who declined to intermit their noisy attentions unless they received a sol exorbitant *pourboire*. On the third night Mr. Julbe threw down a pail of water, in which acid and hot water over the serenaders. This had the effect of stopping the music, but next day the unhappy pharmacist received notices of fifteen actions from the lawyers of the fifteen scalded and burned serenaders, and the local court gave the plaintiff in each case damages—not to be large, but still to a considerable amount. The apothecary was in despair, but ha! the good sense to appeal to the higher court at Bourg. The Judges, being unable to deny that he had assaulted the fifteen defendants in appeal, hit upon the notable expedient of ordering each of the serenaders to pay to the plaintiff, by way of compensation for annoyance, alarm and loss of sleep, a sum equal to the damages the serenader had recovered for the ass ult. Thus practical justice was done, and the gentlemen of the long robe—as, to do them justice, is usually the case—were the only parties that made any money out of the suits.

ROOTS OFF.—A diplomatist from his native mountains bought a ticket for a sleeping-coach at Vienna and set out for Berlin. The cosy quarters delighted him, and he soon laid himself down to rest on the white sheets, exactly as he had been accustomed to do in his own village—that is to say, dressed, booted and spurred. The servant who had charge of the carriages roused the sleeper and told him politely that "it was not allowed." The diplomatist sprang to his feet with the demand: "Do you know who I am? I am Bozo Petrovics, President of the Senate of Montenegro, and you may be sure I will complain at Berlin." The steward was struck dumb for a moment by this revelation of the dignity of the man who went to bed without undressing himself. However, he soon remarked: "I hope your Excellency will pardon the liberty, but I am compelled by my office to inform you that it is the law in Prussia that no gentleman shall go to bed in his boots; as your Excellency is aware, the laws are executed with great severity in that monarchy, and, as we shall soon arrive at the Prussian frontier, you and I will be detained." "If that is the case," said the mountaineer diplomatist, "we will soon set all right. Pull off my boots, for I must go to the Congress."

ANOTHER RECIPE FOR CONSUMPTION.—Doctor D'Unger, the Minneapolis physician whose cinchona recipe for the cure of drunkards recently attracted attention, is out with this one for consumption: One-half pound finely cut up beefsteak (fresh); one drachm pulverized charcoal; four ounces pulverized sugar; four ounces rye whiskey; one pint boiling water. Mix all together, let it stand in a cool place over night, and give from one to two teaspoonfuls liquid and meat—before each meal.

"WHY SHOULD we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

THE LATEST emanation of the flowery and gushing descriptive reporter is to call a bruiser a "votary of Pugil."

MISS ADELINA CASPARINI, Actress.

"SWEETS FOR THE SWEET."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I'd stop, when I was but a toddling child,
At every candy-store, and through the glass
Would gaze, until my infant soul grew wild
On piles of taffy and red sassafras!

Marsh-mallow always made the water come
Upon my mouth and nearly drown me;
Would palsy all my limbs and make me dumb,
Intoxicated by their lovely smell!

I sooner would have owned some candy mixed
Than twenty penny marbles or two tops;
And I remember how I stood transfixed
Before those god-like things called lemon-drops!

Nougat, molasses, liquorice, or hoarhound
Always would make me most supremely glad;
And, seeing them, in ecstacy profound
I envied camels that five stomachs had!

As I grew older, candy was my saint,
My love, religion, life, and second sense;
Before it I grew fanatic—
I knew by name the sugar Presidents!

And I can still recall when, quite a boy,
When my big brother gave me sixpence clean,
The happy hours of wild, delirious joy,
Orgies of bliss and of unbridled sin!

Oh! happy age of twelve, when, without stint,
I gorged as never did Olympian Jove!
One endless bacchanal of peppermint!
One dream of cinnamon! one dream of clove!

Years passed—I grew to be a man, forsooth,
Sole arbiter of my delightful life!
And, though I did not own one healthy tooth,
I tried to find a candy-loving wife.

I found her: Heaven for me a bride had made—
A sickly girl, but one of dainty taste;
Together we began the candy trade,
With fruits besides, and nuts and Smyrna paste.

And we have thrived: we make, perhaps, each day,
Two hundred pounds of candy, all the best;
And some is sold, and some is given away—
My wife and I together eat the rest!

We always have, when we sit down to dine,
Nice liquorice-steaks with yellow julube-sauce;
And taffy-gullets cooked in honey-wine,
And frizzled fruit-drops for the second course.

Such are the meals that we most pleasant find;
Sometimes for change we order foreign cake;
Our numerous servants have the common kind—
Our numerous children have the stomach-ache!

CUPID JONES.

THE MYSTERY OF GAB HOLLOW.

An Electrical Tale in Nine Senses than One.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILL F. SAGE.

The past quarter century, and especially the past decade, have seen great strides made in the study and use of electricity. Since the first discovery of the strength and power of the electric fluid by Franklin, experiments have constantly been going on in every department of science, till now this tremendous agent of Nature seems to have been thoroughly subjugated, and is the most useful and necessary servant of man. When its use as a telegraphic messenger, in towns and cities, and finally all over the country, was first made easily applicable, we thought it a wonderful thing. And when, a few years ago, the Atlantic cable was laid, and instantaneous communication was effected with all parts of the globe, we thought it probable that the limit of man's triumph had been reached. But, only within the past year, Prof. Bell of Boston, and Prof. Gray of Chicago, have perfected a machine for transmitting the waves of sound for many miles; so that a speaker or singer giving a lecture or concert in Chicago can distinctly be heard in Cincinnati. We refer to the telephone.

And even while I write a Russian scientific inventor has patented an electric candle that seems likely to revolutionize the lighting facilities of the world. But while the electric current has been so extensively used in the ways of commerce, through which its adaptation to this science has it made more rapid progress or been more largely adapted than in the practice of medicine, and wonderful and excellent have been the results therefrom. For many cutaneous and nervous diseases it is often the best and only remedy. Many a life has been saved by this powerful agent that, before was simply speeded to the grave by the efforts of the thrifty doctors of the pill and lancet.

Now, those making a specialty of the use of electricity belong to a separate branch of the medical profession. For we are slowly learning in these our days of wisdom that we can only do one thing well. But this rule does not obtain in all things. Of course, a person may get an overdose of electricity. For example, a man's usefulness in this world usually ceases to exist after he has been struck by lightning. And in the practice of medicine, while electricity is a glorious servant, as much care should be observed in the application of it as in the dispensing of poisons.

The foregoing is given as a sort of scientific prelude to the rather singular series of events I am about to relate. For I would state in the beginning that the main points in the following narrative are indisputable, and the sceptic may easily verify them. As to the supposititious supernatural causes with which fancy may have embellished the story, I think they will be easily discernible, and from them the original Gaddgrind basis can be readily sifted out. And as to the physiological reasons for the result, the prologue seemed to be the most satisfactory data from which to draw a logical conclusion, and while I do not absolutely assert the cause ascribed as the only one, yet, as it seems necessary in these days of Huxley and Tyndall to have a cause, this seemed the most plausible one. And now to our story.

A rather deeper indentation than usual occurs in one of the fertile valleys of Eastern Ohio. Here are clustered together, along the banks of what is called Yankee Run, several buildings, comprising a schoolhouse, sawmill, blacksmith-shop, and several dwellings. It lies about half-way between the villages of Brookdale and Hillburg. It had been christened Gab Hollow from the garrulous gossipings of a long-time old-woman resident.

As our business concerns simply one member of one family, I don't know that I need enter into an elaborate description of the personel of the inhabitants of this hamlet. There was the household, with its intriguing, match-making mamma and its good-natured, clever papa, the children partaking of some of the characteristics of each. There was the one model farm house which is usually to be found in such a neighborhood, and the talkative old gossip mentioned above, and from whom I had this tale. And the family of which our hero, yet most unheroic, was a member. The family was Mueller, and the only Germans in the neighborhood, the rest being New England Yankees, or descendants thereof, the active participant in the events about to be narrated being the youngest son, Dick Mueller, some twenty-five years of age.

In recalling these incidents to my mind, it strikes me with wonder, as it has often done before, that a rather stolid, stupid German boy should have been the sole witness of the strange occurrence that took place, and, perhaps, still more remarkable is it that it should have resulted so disastrously for himself. But to the unvarnished tale itself.

One lovely evening in June young Mueller started forth on horseback to visit his ladylove, some four miles distant. His way led him by the quite large landed estate of a wealthy and widely-spread family, rejoicing in the rather odd name of Walterhart. They had settled and lived in this part of the country since coming to it from England, a generation or more ago; and all of the family that had died since their coming here had been interred in their private cemetery, situated in a corner of their land, on a knoll overhanging a bend of this same Yankee Run, and close adjoining the main crossroad, where was a large watering-trough, the customary stopping-place of the traveling public.

Young Mueller left his house fairly early, but, of course, lingered as long as possible in the delightful company of his betrothed, so it was very close to the witching hour of midnight when he neared this spot. He alighted, and, throwing the rein on the neck of his pony, suffered him to drink, seating himself on the edge of the trough, when there occurred the beginning of the series of remarkable incidents I am about to relate. Almost instantly, as it seemed to young Mueller, the sky became overcast with the heaviest of dark clouds, ominous thunder pealed forth, and the most vivid streaks of chain-lightning flashed out. The lightning was of that peculiar variety of the chain-species which we distinguish by the name of zigzag. As the huge black clouds came in contact, the glaring bolts, chains and streaks of electric light flamed upon the Erebus like a background of Nature's canopy. As young Mueller gazed upon the Nomeric-like combat of the heavenly elements, a more than usually heavy concussion of two immense clouds occurred, causing a zigzag stroke of lightning that seemed like an illuminated flight of angels. And—as he looked—down these aerial, fiery steps, came flocking several little imps. Little dwarf-like fellows, small editions of Beelzebub, all with little conical hats with fiery plumes; one clad all in red; one all in green; one in blue; another in yellow; in fact, all the prismatic colors of the rainbow were represented, and some combined them in variegated form. But all wore the conical hats with fiery plumes. It was a horrible, grotesque and motley assemblage, a Lilliputian procession of the Devil's army.

Having alighted upon terra-firma, like the goblins in "Gabriel Grub," they began playing leap-frog with the tombstones in the graveyard. We do not know why it is, but it seems to be an essential characteristic of hobgoblins that when they do revisit this terrestrial globe they should invariably indulge in this sepulchral pastime—at least, all chroniclers who have been vouchsafed a glimpse of them have all agreed in stating this fact. Finally, one of them, in taking an extra droll somersault, landed in quite close proximity to our friend Mueller. Seeing, from the open eyes and mouth of the young Teuton, that he was observed, he quietly curled himself upon his haunches, and, grasping the toes of his boots—which were fiery-pointed like his hat—one in each hand, he ducked his fiery plume so close to Mueller's face that the latter was nearly blinded by the flash, and emitted a shrill, little pipe of a laugh that was as near like the whistle of a steam-engine as any earthly sound.

"And what are you doing here at this time of night, sitting by graveyards, eh, my playful young friend?"

And the little imp chucked Mueller under the chin in a jocular manner. Poor Mueller's jaw felt as though it had received a shock from an electric battery. His teeth began to chatter and his hair to rise.

"Oh, pooh-pooh, man! There is no need of getting excited about a little thing like that." And here the imp gave young M. such a vigorous poke in the ribs that his diaphragm felt as if he had swallowed several drams of Jersey lightning.

Mueller now noticed for the first time that the little Devil's fingers were fiery-pointed in the same diabolical way as his hat and toes. This last dig in the ribs, although it conveyed a severe shock to his system, yet sort of braced him up, so to speak, and Mueller prepared to face and accost his tormenter—a verification of the old saying that familiarity breeds contempt. So he straightened himself up, and, uttering something that sounded very much like "Your a h—l of a fellow, aren't you?" he inquired of the little thing before him: "What the devil he wanted with him anyway?"

The peculiar appositeness of this remark so tickled the imp that he rolled about on the bank in an agony of delight, presenting the appearance of an immense lightning bug.

Recovering from this ebullition of spirits, he resumed his sitting posture and quietly awaited further remarks from Mueller, with all parts of the

It should be stated, par parenthesis, that Mueller was a very profane fellow, and was so much in the habit of interlarding his conversation with the title of the infernal regions that it was well understood what was meant when anyone said that he "had had a regular Mueller of a time."

But Mueller simply awaited a reply to his query, which seeing, the little Devil remarked:

"You wish to know what the Devil I want with you, eh? That is it exactly. I am engaged in the sole and exclusive service of his infernal majesty, and any business you may wish to transact or knowledge to gain must be understood as being with Old Nick through me. Now, without shoving out his little legs, he gave Mueller a vigorous kick in the chest that nearly precipitated him into the watering-trough. In fact, all through the interview the devilish sprite seemed to take a diabolical delight in emphasizing his remarks by a vigorous poke, punch or kick in some part of poor Mueller's body.

"I don't know that I invited you. This is a free visit on your part," growled young M.

"Now you are talking, young fellow. That's the kind of spirit I like to see. So I'll tell you a thing or two, if you can listen. In the first place, it is not often that the class to which I belong—the sprites of the Storm cloud—get the opportunity of visiting the earth. It is only when this peculiar kind of lightning occurs that we can do so easily. Occasionally we slide down on a bolt, but we have to take our chances on getting back, and it is such devilish hard work that we don't often care to take the risk. In the second place, we very seldom see a human being, and I am prepared to state positively that you are the first human being that has ever seen one of us. But it being the case, and as this will be quite a storm, and I am a very good talker when I get started, I will edify you with a few facts that maybe you would like to know;" and at the thought of the many delightful chats with fancy may have embellished the story, I think they will be easily discernible, and from them the original Gaddgrind basis can be readily sifted out. And as to the physiological reasons for the result, the prologue seemed to be the most satisfactory data from which to draw a logical conclusion, and while I do not absolutely assert the cause ascribed as the only one, yet, as it seems necessary in these days of Huxley and Tyndall to have a cause, this seemed the most plausible one. And now to our story.

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In recalling these incidents to my mind, it strikes me with wonder, as it has often done before, that a rather stolid, stupid German boy should have been the sole witness of the strange occurrence that took place, and, perhaps, still more remarkable is it that it should have resulted so disastrously for himself. But to the unvarnished tale itself.

One lovely evening in June young Mueller started forth on horseback to visit his ladylove, some four miles distant. His way led him by the quite large landed estate of a wealthy and widely-spread family, rejoicing in the rather odd name of Walterhart. They had settled and lived in this part of the country since coming to it from England, a generation or more ago; and all of the family that had died since their coming here had been interred in their private cemetery, situated in a corner of their land, on a knoll overhanging a bend of this same Yankee Run, and close adjoining the main crossroad, where was a large watering-trough, the customary stopping-place of the traveling public.

Young Mueller left his house fairly early, but, of course, lingered as long as possible in the delightful company of his betrothed, so it was very close to the witching hour of midnight when he neared this spot. He alighted, and, throwing the rein on the neck of his pony, suffered him to drink, seating himself on the edge of the trough, when there occurred the beginning of the series of remarkable incidents I am about to relate. Almost instantly, as it seemed to young Mueller, the sky became overcast with the heaviest of dark clouds, ominous thunder pealed forth, and the most vivid streaks of chain-lightning flashed out. The lightning was of that peculiar variety of the chain-species which we distinguish by the name of zigzag. As the huge black clouds came in contact, the glaring bolts, chains and streaks of electric light flamed upon the Erebus like a background of Nature's canopy. As young Mueller gazed upon the Nomeric-like combat of the heavenly elements, a more than usually heavy concussion of two immense clouds occurred, causing a zigzag stroke of lightning that seemed like an illuminated flight of angels. And—as he looked—down these aerial, fiery steps, came flocking several little imps. Little dwarf-like fellows, small editions of Beelzebub, all with little conical hats with fiery plumes; one clad all in red; one all in green; one in blue; another in yellow; in fact, all the prismatic colors of the rainbow were represented, and some combined them in variegated form. But all wore the conical hats with fiery plumes. It was a horrible, grotesque and motley assemblage, a Lilliputian procession of the Devil's army.

Having alighted upon terra-firma, like the goblins in "Gabriel Grub," they began playing leap-frog with the tombstones in the graveyard. We do not know why it is, but it seems to be an essential characteristic of hobgoblins that when they do revisit this terrestrial globe they should invariably indulge in this sepulchral pastime—at least, all chroniclers who have been vouchsafed a glimpse of them have all agreed in stating this fact. Finally, one of them, in taking an extra droll somersault, landed in quite close proximity to our friend Mueller. Seeing, from the open eyes and mouth of the young Teuton, that he was observed, he quietly curled himself upon his haunches, and, grasping the toes of his boots—which were fiery-pointed like his hat—one in each hand, he ducked his fiery plume so close to Mueller's face that the latter was nearly blinded by the flash, and emitted a shrill, little pipe of a laugh that was as near like the whistle of a steam-engine as any earthly sound.

"And what are you doing here at this time of night, sitting by graveyards, eh, my playful young friend?"

And the little imp chucked Mueller under the chin in a jocular manner. Poor Mueller's jaw felt as though it had received a shock from an electric battery. His teeth began to chatter and his hair to rise.

"Oh, pooh-pooh, man! There is no need of getting excited about a little thing like that." And here the imp gave young M. such a vigorous poke in the ribs that his diaphragm felt as if he had swallowed several drams of Jersey lightning.

Mueller now noticed for the first time that the little Devil's fingers were fiery-pointed in the same diabolical way as his hat and toes. This last dig in the ribs, although it conveyed a severe shock to his system, yet sort of braced him up, so to speak, and Mueller prepared to face and accost his tormenter—a verification of the old saying that familiarity breeds contempt. So he straightened himself up, and, uttering something that sounded very much like "Your a h—l of a fellow, aren't you?" he inquired of the little thing before him: "What the devil he wanted with him anyway?"

The peculiar appositeness of this remark so tickled the imp that he rolled about on the bank in an agony of delight, presenting the appearance of an immense lightning bug.

Recovering from this ebullition of spirits, he resumed his sitting posture and quietly awaited further remarks from Mueller, with all parts of the

It should be stated, par parenthesis, that Mueller was a very profane fellow, and was so much in the habit of interlarding his conversation with the title of the infernal regions that it was well understood what was meant when anyone said that he "had had a regular Mueller of a time."

But Mueller simply awaited a reply to his query, which seeing, the little Devil remarked:

"You wish to know what the Devil I want with you, eh? That is it exactly. I am engaged in the sole and exclusive service of his infernal majesty, and any business you may wish to transact or knowledge to gain must be understood as being with Old Nick through me. Now, without shoving out his little legs, he gave Mueller a vigorous kick in the chest that nearly precipitated him into the watering-trough. In fact, all through the interview the devilish sprite seemed to take a diabolical delight in emphasizing his remarks by a vigorous poke, punch or kick in some part of poor Mueller's body.

"I don't know that I invited you. This is a free visit on your part," growled young M.

"Now you are talking, young fellow. That's the kind of spirit I like to see. So I'll tell you a thing or two, if you can listen. In the first place, it is not often that the class to which I belong—the sprites of the Storm cloud—get the opportunity of visiting the earth. It is only when this peculiar kind of lightning occurs that we can do so easily. Occasionally we slide down on a bolt, but we have to take our chances on getting back, and it is such devilish hard work that we don't often care to take the risk. In the second place, we very seldom see a human being, and I am prepared to state positively that you are the first human being that has ever seen one of us. But it being the case, and as this will be quite a storm, and I am a very good talker when I get started, I will edify you with a few facts that maybe you would like to know;" and at the thought of the many delightful chats with fancy may have embellished the story, I think they will be easily discernible, and from them the original Gaddgrind basis can be readily sifted out. And as to the physiological reasons for the result, the prologue seemed to be the most satisfactory data from which to draw a logical conclusion, and while I do not absolutely assert the cause ascribed as the only one, yet, as it seems necessary in these days of Huxley and Tyndall to have a cause, this seemed the most plausible one. And now to our story.

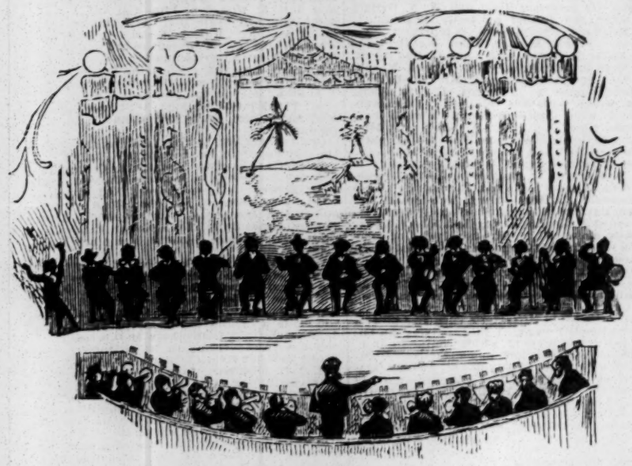
A rather deeper indentation than usual occurs in one of the fertile valleys of Eastern Ohio. Here are clustered together, along the banks of what is called Yankee Run, several buildings, comprising a schoolhouse, sawmill, blacksmith-shop, and several dwellings. It lies about half-way between the villages of Brookdale and Hillburg. It had been christened Gab Hollow from the garrulous gossipings of a long-time old-woman resident.

As our business concerns simply one member of one family, I don't know that I need enter into an elaborate description of the personel of the inhabitants of this hamlet. There was the household, with its intriguing, match-making mamma and its good-natured, clever papa, the children partaking of some of the characteristics of each. There was the one model farm house which is usually to be found in such a neighborhood, and the talkative old gossip ment

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.



OUR FIRST-PART.

A SEASONABLE TALK ABOUT COUNTRY LIFE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MATT W. KENNEDY, ESQ., OF OAKLAND, CAL.,

BY PHIL J. PHETUS.

INT.—So, Bones, you are a farmer, are you?

BONES.—Yes, ever since I was born I've been on a farm.

INT.—Ha! ha! What good were you to the farm when you were a baby not a year old?

BONES.—A "heap" of good.

INT.—What could you do?

BONES.—Why, I *milked*.

INT.—The second year of your existence what could you do?

BONES.—I answered the purpose of a *thrashing machine*.

INT.—And the third year?

BONES.—I *harrowed* the feelings of my mother.

INT.—And, Bones, when you grew to be one of the boys, and four sultry Summers had passed over your wonderful head, what then did you do?

BONES.—I *reaped* the benefit of my father's wealth.

TAMBO.—Yes, he did, but he lost it—on the *green*.

INT.—Bones, you are an eventful character, and had I been your father I would have *checked* your co-horse.

BONES.—Well, it did go a little agin the old man's *grain*.

TAMBO.—He should have *ploughed* a *furrough* (faro) with his boot.

BONES.—Yes, but I had the *gang* to back me.

TAMBO.—*O 'tis* taffy we're getting.

BONES.—Look here, Tambo, you'll rake my feelings up so I'll *pitch* into you.

TAMBO.—*Hey?*

INT.—No quarreling, gentlemen, or I shall put you under *straw bale*.

BONES.—*We heat* very quick dis warm weather.

TAMBO.—Especially when we *buck* bear or tiger.

BONES.—That man's cracked.

INT.—I understand it all—the *bar lies* across the street.

BONES.—I haven't a *mill 'er* I'd go over.

TAMBO.—If it wasn't for the *maude* (mud) I'd go with you.

INT.—Now, gentlemen, bear and forbear.

TAMBO.—He gets mad when he sees he's *corn*-ered.

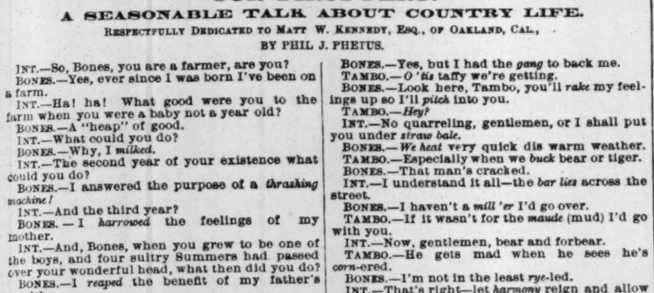
BONES.—I'm not in the least *rye*-led.

INT.—That's right—let *harmony* reign and allow Sig. *Waldroni*, who has just come from the *Woods*, to *tes'ejare* us a few of his delightful notes, although he is not a *More fit* to do it than a *Bird 'ton* a tear on a cold morning. However, I trust he is *Still well* enough to favor us.

BONES.—*Ken he dejest True* vocal abilities?

TAMBO.—If the proprietor of the *Hal-lots* him.

INT.—Then let the Signor struggle with



attention to his wares. He rolls the r's and give fierce emphasis to his words, just as he used to in his starring days; and sometimes he adds, in a voice of melodramatic solemnity: "I'm a jack-in-the box myself, sir—a jack-in-the box, when I ought to be a favorite in the gallery!"

WHO'LL KISS MY LITTLE ONE GOOD-NIGHT?

BY ANNIE CURTIS.

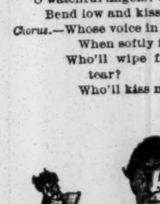
When far beyond the radiant west
The golden gates are oped for me,
When softly through the gathering mist
The gleam of angel-robes I see,
In pity then whose voice will cheer
My only joy, my heart's delight?
Who'll wipe from rosy cheeks the tear?
Who'll kiss my little one good-night?

Chorus.—Whose voice in tender song will cheer,
When softly fades day's rosy light?
Who'll wipe from dimpled cheeks the tear?
Who'll kiss my little one good-night?

Though safe within the blest retreat
I drop my load of care and pain,
I yet shall miss her smile so sweet,
Her young heart's love, all free from stain;
Then, lest the world seem cold and drear,
And joy with day's glad beam takes flight,
O watchful angels! ever near,
Bend low and kiss my love good-night.

Chorus.—Whose voice in tender song will cheer,
When softly fades day's rosy light?
Who'll wipe from dimpled cheeks the tear?
Who'll kiss my little one good-night?

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.



What a sad difference there is, usually, between the altitude of a man's ambition and the level of his achievements! This fact never impressed itself more deeply upon our minds than in the contemplation of the accompanying figure. Here is the insignificant reality of the golden dreams of youth—in other words, here is Mr. Scipio Cæsar Jones, past the meridian of life, engaged in the humble occupation of selling jacks-in-the-box. Time was when Scipio Cæsar looked hopefully forward to a high and noble career. He was born to be an actor—so he believed, and so he would tell you up to this hour. In the lusty days of the Old Bowery you might have seen him nightly in the pit, drinking in the vigorous eloquence of Metamora and Jack Cade. Some musty old playbills bear witness to the fact that Scipio Cæsar made a first appearance in a sanguinary drama of fearful and wonderful construction. It was a tremendous success, but for some mysterious reasons Scipio's first appearance proved his last. He never again shone as a star. But from that memorable night, when his lustre dazzled the eyes of the public, his peregrinations have been many and diverse. Saddened by the thought that the management had entered into a conspiracy to crush him, he turned from melodrama to minstrelsy, and for a time served as the interlocutor of a burnt-cork company. Later he appeared as the blower—we beg the profession's pardon—as the solicitor for a sideshow. Perhaps it was this occupation which suggested his present calling. You may see him any day wandering through the Bowery, with a sorrowful expression in his face and an air of unmistakable seediness in his appearance. Yet the fires of his early ambition still smoulder in his breast, and you have only to touch the right spring to cause the reminiscences to jump forth like the jack-in-the-box. There is something almost melancholy in the tragic tones which Mr. Jones adopts when calling

COLORED COURTSHIP—END-SONG.

DEDICATED TO FILLY SWEATNAM, BY THOMAS A. BURTT. *(All rights reserved.)*

As I was walkin' out one day—
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
I seed a nigger gal ober de way—
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
Oh, she was black as a chunk o' pitch,
An' she sported a long red "switch"—
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
Her lips was thick,
Her face was fat,
Her eyes was squints,
Her nose was flat.
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
Refrain.

Solo.—Her lips was thick—
Chorus.—Her face was fat—
Solo.—Her eyes was squints—
Ch rus.—Her nose was flat—
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
Song and Chorus.

I looked at her, she glanced at me—
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
I crossed de street immejetly—
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
Says I: "How are you, Miss Nigger?"
Says she: "Who's you talkin to, you nigger?"
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
"'Scuse me," says I;
"Upon my soul a 'stake,
But still I hopes
My arm you'll take?"
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
Refrain.

Solo.—"Scuse me," says I—
Chorus.—"I 'stake a 'stake—
Solo.—But still I hopes—
Chorus.—My arm you'll take?"
Song and Chorus.—Tol de rol de riddle de ray!

I treated her at de peanut-stan'—
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
She smiled an' eat an' sqiees my han'—
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
I took her home by de longest route—
Says she: "Come to night, when de ole man's out."
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
Says I: "You bet!"
Says she: "Do, dear!
Now, don't forgit,
De coast am clear."
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
Refrain.

Solo.—Says I: "You bet!"—
Chorus.—Says she: "Do dear—
Solo.—Now, don't forgit—
Chorus.—De coast am clear."
Song and Chorus.—Tol de rol de riddle de ray!

De night came roun', an', dressed up fine—
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
I walked my chalks to number "99"—
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
Song and Chorus.—Tol de rol de riddle de ray!

Philadelphia, June, 1878.

I heered a soun' berry much like kissin'
A-comin', it seemed, from de back-kitchen—
Tol de rol de riddle de ray!
Went up de steps
An' rung de bell;
De door was opened
By a big black swell!
Tol de ro de riddle de ray!
Refrain (last verse).

Solo.—Says he: "Git out!
Chorus.—D'ye hear, you coon?"
Solo.—Says I: "Right quick:
Chorus.—Good-afternoon!"
Song and Chorus.—Tol de rol de riddle de ray!

IN ST. LOUIS. MO., FORTY-ONE YEARS AGO.

Dr. G. A. Kane contributes the bill of which a copy is appended. The theatre referred to was on the corner of Third and Olive streets, and its site is now occupied by the post-office. N. M. Ludlow, now some seventy-three years of age, resides in St. Louis, and for some years past has been engaged in writing a history of theatricals in the South and West—he took the first dramatic company to St. Louis in 1818, and was a successful manager there, in New Orleans, La., and Mobile, Ala., for many years. Sol Smith acquired a fortune and lived in retirement for several years in St. Louis prior to his demise there Feb. 14, 1869. Mrs. Smith, the soubrette artiste, has passed away. J. M. Field managed theatres in Mobile and St. Louis for some years—while acting in New Orleans he contributed humorous verses upon local topics to *The Picayune*, under the nom-de-plume of "Straws," which were very popular; he also published a newspaper called *The Reveille*, in St. Louis, which was fairly successful; about 1852 he became the manager of the Varieties Theatre (now De Bar's Opera-house), and so continued for several years. Miss Kate Field, now in England, is his daughter. Mr. Field died in Mobile, Ala., Jan. 28, 1856; Vincent De Camp was a brother of Mrs. Charles Kemble, and made his American debut at the Park Theatre, this city, Nov. 24, 1828, but failed to achieve the success anticipated; he retired from the stage about 1838, and died in Galveston, Texas, July 27, 1839; Tom Placide committed suicide, rather than suffer the tortures caused by a cancer in his mouth, at Toms River, N. J., July 20 1877; Matt Field also contributed to *The Picayune*, in New Orleans, under the nom-de-plume of "Phasma"—he married a daughter of N. M. Ludlow; he died several years ago; Miss Elisa Petrie married Robert Place, who managed the American Theatre, New Orleans, for many years—she died in Washington, D. C., July 7, 1865; Mrs. Hubbard, who died many years ago, was the mother of Sam H. Hubbard, the well-known actor, who passed away in Lexington, Ky., Feb. 18, 1876. We believe that none of the others are living.

THEATRE.

Ludlow & Smith.....Managers

THURSDAY, OCTORER 12, 1837,

Will be presented Rossini's opera of

CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

With the original music, appropriate dresses, new scenery, machinery and decorations. The scenery by Mr. J. R. Smith; machinery by Mr. Stratford and assistants; dresses by Mr. McGrath, Davis and assistants; properties by Mr. Chambers and assistants.

Distribution of characters:

Felix, Prince of Salerno.....Mr. J. M. Field

Dan'lini.....Mr. Sol Smith
Baron Pompolino, Mr. De Camp
Lords, Hunters, etc., Messrs. Freemont, Riley, Moreton, Anderton, Pearson, Munden, Serreant, Thorpe, West, Jones, Davis, Keene, McGrath, Bruce, etc.

Pedro, his servant, Mr. T. Placide
Aldore.....Mr. M. Field
Cinderella.....Miss Petrie
Clorinda.....Mrs. Hubbard
Fairies, Sylphs, Guests, etc., Mrs. Kute, Mrs. Saleman, Mrs. Freemont, Mrs. Keene, Mrs. Davis, Miss Saleman, Miss Hubbard, etc.
Fairy Queen... Miss Henning

PAPA, WHY DON'T MAMMA SPEAK?

PATHETIC BALLAD, BY BEN KING.

In a dark and gloomy chamber
Aching hearts surround a bed,
Bathed in grief—long to remember—
For she they loved is lying dead.
Hark! the smallest of the weepers,
As a tear plays on his cheek,
Speaks these words, that touch each feeling:
"Papa, why don't mamma speak?"
Chorus.—"Why is everything so dreary?
Why that tear upon your cheek?
Papa, tell your little darling
Why, oh, why, don't mamma speak?"

Wor is cannot describe the feeling
Of the father so distressed,
As the little one, appealing,
Kissed his papa, and caressed.
'Twas a trying scene of sorrow,
Tears rolled down each face so bleak,
As the little one still uttered:
"Papa, why don't mamma speak?"
Chorus.—"Why is everything so dreary?
Why that tear upon your cheek?
Papa, tell your little darling
Why, oh, why, don't mamma speak?"

THE TRIGGER.

THE BOGARDUS-PENNELL MATCH.

We take the following particulars ot the recent pigeon-shooting match between A. H. Bogardus and H. Chalmondeley Pennell from *Bell's Life*: "At ten minutes to 4 o'clock Capt. Bogardus commenced the match by bringing down in splendid style a speedy bird with his first barrel. Mr. Pennell immediately went to the scratch, but failed to knock over a dashing dark blue-rock. 13 to 8 was then freely offered on Bogardus, and he again led off and dropped his bird with his first barrel. Mr. Pennell then cut down a 'flyer' with his first barrel amidst great cheering. Each competitor rapidly came forward in his turn, and Bogardus cleverly stopped eight out of his first ten, but Mr. Pennell only rolled over six out of that number. Bogardus then killed six out of his second 10, and one of those was with his second barrel; but Mr. Pennell was more fortunate, for he only missed two in this his second half-score. Bogardus rattled down eight of his third 10, three of which were killed by second shot. Mr. Pennell was less fortunate with his third half-score, for he only managed to secure six; two others were hit hard, but fell out of bounds. Bogardus missed four birds in his fourth 10, and Mr. Pennell did likewise. Bogardus brought down, in fine style, eight clinking good birds from his fifth 10; but Mr. Pennell did better with his lot, for he only allowed one to escape. At this point of the contest (half-way) Bogardus was a bird to the good. After a few minutes' rest they again commenced, Capt. Bogardus leading off, and from his next 10 killed 14, five being with the second barrel. Mr. Pennell, however, only stopped 13 out of the same number. He was, however, very unfortunate with four birds, these being completely riddled, but fell out of bounds. Still continuing on close terms, the excitement at the 90th round was intense. At the 95th round they were on equal terms, and Capt. Bogardus cut down his 96th with his first shot; but Mr. Pennell failed to stop his bird, though hit hard. His opponent then missed his 97th and 98th birds, and Mr. Pennell killed in fine style his 97th, but missed his two next, and Bogardus, killing his two last birds, was proclaimed the winner by two birds, having killed 70 out of 100 birds, and Mr. Pennell 68 out of 100, and thus ending the most exciting match on record. The stakes were, immediately after the match, handed over to the winner by our representative, and Captain Bogardus was heartily congratulated on his success."

CAPT. BOGARDUS' LONDON EXHIBITION.

On Wednesday, June 26, Capt. Bogardus gave his first exhibition of pigeon-shooting in England at Agricultural Hall, London, and about five hundred persons gathered to witness his display. The task he had set himself was that of smashing 1,000 glass balls, to be sprung from two or more traps, the balls to be broken in the air, and three guns of different weight and calibre to be used, viz., a 10-gauge, weighing 10lb, with 1¼oz. shot; a 12-gauge, weighing 7¼lb, with 1oz. shot; and a 20-gauge, weighing 5½lb, with ¾oz. shot, the whole of the 1,000 to be broken in less than 80 minutes. The traps were placed about 15 yards distant from the loading-table, and a large wooden screen of ¾inch planks, about 40ft. by 20ft., covered with white calico, was erected opposite to receive the shot. At 8.35 P. M., by way of an interlude, Master Eugene Bogardus shot at 26 balls, and succeeded in breaking 23 in exactly six minutes. By this time everything was ready for the event of the evening, and T. Griffin having been appointed time-keeper, and F. Richardson and J. D. Dougall Jr. referee and scorer respectively, the champion doffed his coat and expressed himself ready, giving the word to pull immediately afterwards. Loading and firing with marvelous rapidity and accuracy, the first hundred balls were broken without a single miss in 6m. 1s. In the second he had to fire at 104 balls, four being disallowed by the referee, who, in order that there should be no possible dispute, gave all doubtful balls, misfires, etc., against the performer, and yet at 12m. 39s. the second hundred were scored. Three hundred were broken in 18m. 31s., 400 in 24m. 44s., and half an hour after firing began 467 balls had been fairly smashed; 500 occupied 32m. 23s.; 600 took 39m.; and a dozen more had gone over to the majority at half time. In 45m. 36s. the captain's score was raised to 700, and it was now evident to all present that, bar accidents, he must win. The next 100 only took 6m. 32s., but two "lost birds" being scored, and, the timekeeper calling 52m. 8s., 900 were wiped off in 58m. 52s., and when the hour was up the score-books registered 918. Still the shooter kept on at racing pace, and at 1h. 6m. 59s. the 1,000 had been successfully disposed of, the captain thus winning with 13m. 51s. in hand. During the match 37 balls were disallowed, and after time was called Bogardus shot at and broke five more in succession, thus leaving a liberal margin should any dispute arise, which, however, could hardly be, the arrangements being such that a mistake was wellnigh impossible.

PIGEON-SHOOTING IN ENGLAND.

Our latest foreign files bring information concerning recent achievements of Aubrey Coventry, the gentleman who has been matched to shoot a match for a big stake with Capt. A. H. Bogardus at Brighton, Eng., Aug. 6. At the opening of the Gun Club, Notting Hill, London, June 25, in a £1 sweepstake, he was beaten by Lord De Grey at the twelfth round; he also shot for the Club Fund Cup, seven birds each, killing four birds only, the cup being won by Capt. Langlands (26yds. rise), who, in shooting-off a tie with C. O. Clark (27½), T. G. Freke (27½), and Captain Leighton killed nine apiece, and in shooting off the last mentioned killed eleven out of twelve to Shelley's ten out of a like number, Coventry killing but four out of six. Same day, in a £3 sweep, seven birds each, from 28 to 32 yards rise, he retired after missing one bird out of four. C. O. Clark, Captain Shelley, Captain Langlands and Mr. Dugmore each killed all their birds, and in the shoot-off the first-named won by killing five more in succession, being one in excess of Shelley. During the latter part of the afternoon three £1 sweepstakes over seven birds each from the trap. The first, value £14, was divided between De Grey and Shelley, the second of £12, was shared between Coventry and Mr. Sefton, and the last sweepstakes was won by Coventry, who killed in the various trials during the afternoon no fewer than 29 out of 32 birds, which proves him to be an exceptionally good shot. At the Hurlingham Club Grounds, Fulham, June 22, he was successful in the Optional Sweepstakes, seven birds each, 27 yards rise, he and Mr. Calmady killing all their birds, and in firing-off Coventry killed three consecutive, to Calmady's two. He also divided a £13 sweep with Sir G. H. Leith the same afternoon, and on the 24th, at the same grounds, he divided a £9 sweep with Capt. Maxwell Lyte, and was beaten by Messrs. Wallace, Hart, Patton and Cunleffe for the Optional Handicap Sweepstakes, standing at 31yds., and knocking holes in five, to Foley, 30 yards, Lord De Grey, the only other one of the thirty-two contestants who stood so far from the traps, killing a like number.

SHOOTING AT CREEDMOOR.—A number of marksmen visited Creedmoor, L. I., on Tuesday, July 9, and took part in the several events arranged for decision. The fourth competition for the American Cyclopedia, 200 and 500 yards, seven shots at each range, any rifle, had twenty-one contestants, who made the following scores: C. E. Blydenburg, 58; S. T. G. Dudley, 58; F. H. Holton, 56; A. J. Howlett, 56; R. H. Keene, 55; M. M. Maltby, 55; J. W. Mangam, 54; C. G. Zettler, 53; J. W. Todd, 52; E. A. Ferry, 52; E. E. Lewis, 52; J. R. Grohman, 49; N. O'Donnell, 48; H. Fisher, 48; J. W. Hitchcock, 47; J. A. Hatry, 46; E. W. Price, 46; W. H. Dunlap, 45; J. L. Farley, 40; A. W. Dimock, 38; A. Funck, 13.....A life-membership in the N. R. A., offered as a prize by Capt. L. P. Baker, was shot for by members of the Washington Gray Troop Rifle Club, 200 and 300 yards, five shots at each range distance. Best scores: Sergt. J. E. McHugh, 40; Corp. W. F. Miller, 38; J. Buckbee, 35; Quartermaster-sergeant G. E. Pascoe, 33; J. Razell, 31; Sergt. D. Wilson, 27. The Empire Rifle Club also contended for the Daly badge, 200 and 500 yards, ten shots at each, J. W. Todd scoring 75 and F. H. Holton 65 out of a possible 100.

RIFLE-SHOOTING IN IRELAND.—The annual meeting of the Irish R. A. was held during the last week in June at the ranges near Dundalk. In the two days' competition for places on the Irish eight who are to shoot at Wimbledon, each contestant firing fifteen shots each day at 800 and 900 yards and twenty at 1,000 yards, the result was as follows, the highest number of points being 500: John Rigby, 466; J. K. Milner, 451; Lieut. Fenton, 450; L. F. Banks, 448; R. Greenhill, 446; Henry Dyas, 445; W. Joynt, 443; Wm. Rigby, 437; Edward Johnson, 435.....In the competition for the American Cup, presented by the American team of 1875, John Rigby was the victor.

A MATCH was shot July 10, at Staten Island, by teams of six men from the Rod and Rifle Association of Jamaica, L. I., and the Rossmoor Shooting Club of Staten Island, each contestant firing ten shots, off hand, at 200 yards. The R. and R. A. won by three points. The individual and total scores were as follow: Rod and Rifle—W. S. Elmendorf, 41; J. Fleming, 40; T. Rogers, 39; G. H. Creed, 38; A. M. Crane, 36; T. Lloyd, 35; total, 229. Rossmoor—B. Brown, 41; H. C. Metcalf, 39; S. Ellis, 38; W. Robinson, 37; G. W. Ellis, 37; W. W. Wright, 34; total, 226.

CAPT. BOGARDUS, T. G. Freke and H. Cholmondeley Pennell shot for a double-barreled breech-loader at the Gun Club Grounds, Nottings Hill, near London, Eng. Each contestant fired at twenty-five birds, five traps, 30 yards rise, and Freke won, killing 21 to Bogardus' 18 and Pennell's 14. Bogardus killed his first eleven birds in succession, and then, to the surprise of the company, but probably not to his own astonishment, missed the next four.

TEAM-SHOOT.—Teams of seven men each, representing respectively the Shenandoah Sporting Association and the Brandonville Shooting Club, contended for a supper and $50 a side in a pigeon-match at Brandonville, Pa., July 10. Each man shot at five birds, and the local club won, killing 23 to their opponents' 22.

REGATTA AT MADISON, WISCONSIN.—At a late meeting of the yacht-clubs of this place it was decided that the next annual regatta be held on Lake Mendota, on Wednesday and Thursday, July 24, 25. It was resolved that the following prizes be given on the first day: One hundred dollars, first prize for first-class yachts; fifty dollars, second prize for first-class yachts; forty dollars, first prize for second-class yachts; twenty dollars, second prize for second-class yachts. A number of elegant cups will also be presented. Everything looks favorable for a very successful regatta. Outside local owners are manifesting much interest in the matter.

ANTI-FAT CHEMICALLY EXAMINED.—The analytical chemist W. R. Drake of Buffalo, N. Y., recently analysed Allan's Anti-fat, and gave the following CERTIFICATE.

I have subjected Allan's anti-fat to chemical analysis, examined the process of its manufacture, and can truly say that the ingredients of which it is composed are entirely vegetable, and cannot but act favorably upon the system, and it is well calculated to attain the object for which it is intended. W. R. DRAKE, Chemist.
Sold by druggists. —*Exchange.*

BASEBALL.

RESOLUTE vs. MYSTIC.

The Resolutes of Greene, N. Y., met the Mystics of Binghamton, on the grounds of the former, for the first time this season, July 4. The batting on both sides was very heavy, especially that of the Resolutes. The Mystics scored in the first inning, which was increased to two in the second by very careless errors on the part of the Resolutes, who then settled down to hard work, and gave their opponents the five goose-eggs. The Resolutes scored one in the fifth inning, and made the only earned run of the game in the sixth. This left the score-sheet evenly balanced, and the greatest excitement prevailed. The Resolutes did not score again, and in the eighth inning, after one of the Mystics was out, and two strikes were called on another, Turbell, the catcher of the Resolutes, had a finger broken by a foul tip. This compelled him to leave the field, and the Resolutes had no other man that could catch Merriam successfully, so the Mystics had a decided advantage, and they scored two more runs in that inning. Neither side scored in the ninth. Cunningham, the second-baseman of the Resolutes, had his ankle turned in the second inning, and another player took his place, as his hurt prevented him from finishing the game. The Mystics secured two fine double-plays, while the Resolutes made one.

RESOLUTE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Tyler, l.f. & 2	4	0	0	2	0	0
Turbell, c.....	4	0	1	2	3	4
Merriam, p..	4	0	1	1	9	3
Grn's, c.f., 2b	4	0	1	3	2	0
Cunn'm, 2b..	5	0	1	1	1	0
Frank, 1st b	4	0	1	18	1	2
Smith, 3d b..	3	0	1	1	1	0
Cowles, s.s..	4	0	0	1	4	1
Taft, r. f.....	3	0	1	0	0	1
Totals.....	35	0	7	27	21	12

MYSTIC.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Higgins, s.s.	5	0	0	0	2	0
Whitney, c.	4	1	1	11	1	2
D. Casey, r. f	4	1	2	1	0	0
W. Casey, 2b	4	0	2	6	3	0
Johnson, 3b..	4	1	1	1	1	0
Mullen, 1b..	4	1	1	6	1	2
McGart, l. f..	4	0	1	2	0	0
Parker, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	1
Dorr, p.....	4	0	0	0	9	0
Totals.....	37	4	7	27	16	5

Resolute.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0—2
Mystic.....	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—4

Earned run—Resolute, 1. Two-base hits—Tyler, Merriam and Mullen. Umpire, F. W. Rogers. Time, 1h. 50m.

LIBERTY vs. GREEN STOCKINGS.

The Liberty B. B. C. of Chicago, Ill., visited South Bend, Ind., July 5, and played a match game in the afternoon with the Green Stockings, on the latter's grounds, which are said to be the finest in the West, excelling the grounds of the Chicago Whites, and the reception of the Chicago boys warrants the Libertys in advising Western clubs going via South Bend to give the Green Stockings a call. The game was notable mainly for the splendid exhibition of pitching and catching and general fine fielding, especially that of the Libertys and the short-stop of the Greens. In the last half of the ninth inning a foul-tip struck Dolan heavily on the forehead, rebounding on the fly to the pitcher, who retired the man on the play.

STOCKINGS.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Parks, 3d b....	0	2	4	3	0
Kurtz, p.....	0	0	1	10	1
Peake, c.....	0	0	1	1	4
Deacon, r. f....	0	0	1	2	0
Kelly, 2d b.....	0	1	1	3	0
Johnson, s.s....	0	0	0	5	1
Dampau, 1st b..	0	0	17	2	0
Rockshot, c. f..	0	0	0	0	0
Deacon, l. f....	0	0	1	0	1
Totals.....	0	3	27	25	9

LIBERTY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Eddy, s.s.....	2	1	1	0	1
Fleming, 1st b.	2	1	5	0	0
Knight, 3d b....	0	2	0	1	
McAvey, p.....	0	0	3	9	0
Dolan, c.....	0	0	9	4	2
McQuaid, r. f...	0	0	2	0	0
Rafferty, 2d b..	1	2	4	1	0
Fitz, c. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
McGrady, l. f...	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	5	4	27	14	4

Liberty.....	2	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0—5
Green Stockings.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Two-base hit—Rafferty.

The Libertys beat the Blue Stockings of La Porte, Ind., on the Fourth, by a score of 24 to 2.

LOWELL vs. SPRINGFIELD.

In an exhibition game at Springfield, Mass., July 8, the Lowell nine defeated that with the home team, 9 to 2. The result was owing to the heavy batting of the visitors in the third inning, assisted by disastrous errors. After this third inning Corcoran (who had seemed a little "off" before) got to work, and the Lowells were blanked until the ninth, when they earned a run. Spence carried off the honors of the day by a beautiful line-stop, backed up by Wolf, covered with white calico, was erected opposite to receive the shot. At 8.35 P. M., by way of an interlude, Master Eugene Bogardus shot at 26 balls, and succeeded in breaking 23 in exactly six minutes. By this time everything was ready for the event of the evening, and T. Griffin having been appointed time-keeper, and F. Richardson and J. D. Dougall Jr. referee and scorer respectively, the champion doffed his coat and expressed himself ready, giving the word to pull immediately afterwards. Loading and firing with marvelous rapidity and accuracy, the first hundred balls were broken without a single miss in 6m. 1s. In the second he had to fire at 104 balls, four being disallowed by the referee, who, in order that there should be no possible dispute, gave all doubtful balls, misfires, etc., against the performer, and yet at 12m. 39s. the second hundred were scored. Three hundred were broken in 18m. 31s., 400 in 24m. 44s., and half an hour after firing began 467 balls had been fairly smashed; 500 occupied 32m. 23s.; 600 took 39m.; and a dozen more had gone over to the majority at half time. In 45m. 36s. the captain's score was raised to 700, and it was now evident to all present that, bar accidents, he must win. The next 100 only took 6m. 32s., but two "lost birds" being scored, and, the timekeeper calling 52m. 8s., 900 were wiped off in 58m. 52s., and when the hour was up the score-books registered 918. Still the shooter kept on at racing pace, and at 1h. 6m. 59s. the 1,000 had been successfully disposed of, the captain thus winning with 13m. 51s. in hand. During the match 37 balls were disallowed, and after time was called Bogardus shot at and broke five more in succession, thus leaving a liberal margin should any dispute arise, which, however, could hardly be, the arrangements being such that a mistake was wellnigh impossible.

SPRINGFIELD.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hawes, c. f....	0	0	1	0	2
F. Whitney, l.f.	1	1	2	1	0
Wolf, c. p.....	0	1	1	2	0
A. Whitney, 3b.	1	1	0	2	1
Plimpton, 1b...	0	0	10	0	1
Sullivan, c.....	0	0	9	1	2
Wright, s.s....	0	0	2	1	0
Knight, r. f....	0	2	2	0	0
Booth, 2d b....	0	0	3	4	1
Totals.....	3	4	27	17	8

LOWELL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b....	0	0	4	6	2
Young, l. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
McGeary, s.s..	0	2	0	2	0
Curran, c. f....	0	0	0	0	1
Houtz, 1st b....	0	2	10	0	1
Farrell, 2b....	0	0	1	2	0
Maxwell, l. f..	0	0	0	1	0
McKim'n, 3b..	0	0	0	1	0
McCorm'k, p.	0	0	1	0	0
Mack, r. f.....	0	0	2	0	0
Carpen'r, 2b..	0	0	2	0	1
Macullar, as 2	0	0	1	1	0
Totals.....	0	5	27	17	6

Springfield.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2
Lowell.....	0	0	4	1	0	0	0	0	0—5

Earned runs—Springfield, 1; Lowell, 3; Springfield, 1. Two-base hits—McGeary, Sullivan (2), Knight. Umpire, C. H. Daniels.

STOTTVILLE vs. ACTIVE.

The game between the Active Club of Wappinger Falls and the Stottville Club on the afternoon of July 5 was one of the closest and most skillfully-played games ever witnessed in Stottsville, N. Y. It was won by the home nine by a score of 2 to 0. The pitching of Caperoon and catching of Swan were about perfect.

STOTTVILLE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
W. Stott, c. f...	0	1	0	0	0
Snyder, 1st b...	0	1	8	0	0
Caperoon, p....	0	0	0	9	2
O'Neil, l. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Lander, 3d b....	0	0	0	3	0
Moriarty, s. s..	1	1	1	1	0
Cross, 2d b.....	0	1	0	2	1
Hudson, r. f....	1	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	2	3	27	17	4

ACTIVE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
McGee, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Eagen, 3d b....	0	0	0	2	2
Bruthers, p.....	0	2	0	15	0
McCann, c.....	0	0	16	1	2
Kennedy, c. f...	0	0	0	0	0
Foster, 1st b..	0	1	8	0	0
J. Bruthers, s. s.	0	0	0	2	1
Fair, 3d b.....	0	0	3	3	1
Gavin, c. f.....	3	0	1	1	0
Fisher, s. s....	0	0	2	0	0
O'Connor, c....	3	0	1	7	1
Ledwith, r. f..	3	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	9	0	4	27	19

Stottville.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2
Active.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned run—Stottville, 1. Two-base hits—Caperoon and Gavin. Umpire, C. H. Stott Jr. Time, 1h. 30m.

HAYMAKER vs. ALBANY.

On July 8 the Haymakers of Lansingburg and the Albanys of Albany, N. Y., met, with the following result:

HAYMAKER.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Bartlett, lb..	5	0	1	11	0	0
Butler, l. f..	5	0	0	0	0	0
Lewis, 3d b..	5	1	4	0	1	0
Dracy, r. f....	6	2	2	0	0	0
Brady, c.....	5	0	0	6	0	0

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STARTLED EYELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 6 P. M., MONDAY, July 15.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Lettie
Audley, Ollsty
Brent, Mrs. Fullah
Burleigh, Winnie
Bean, Fannie
Bates, Mrs. R. M.
Bryant, Nellie
Bradshombe, Maude
Bostell, Louise
Beaumont, Nellie
Bettes, Sarah
Burritt, Florence
Burt, Ida
Curtis, Annie M.
Chetie, Adelaide
Campbell, Annie
Calmers, Nellie
Corelli, Blanche(2)
Carlton, Lizzie
Crabtree, Lotta (2)
Cook, Mrs. Wesley
Claxton, Kate
Durell, Miss Barry
Dodge, Ninon
Douglas, Annie
Elberta, Kittie B.
Eagan, Jennie
Fox, Annie
Eveline, Carlettie
Farren, Ida (2)
Fisk, May (2)
Foy, Bertha
Gleason, Alice (2)
Gibbons, Elise
Gofman, Lottie
Goss, Mrs.
Goodall, Rosa
Hamilton, Maude (2)
Hyers Sisters
Howard, Louise (vocalist)
Hindie, Annie
Herring, Fannie
Howland, Fannie
Howard, Blanche
Hill, Marian
Howard, Lillie
Hassell, Minnie E.
Isaacs, Ada
Ilord Sisters
Ilerd, Belle
Johnson, Minnie (3)
Jeal, Linda
Kimberley, Bessie (2)
Kellogg, Miss E.
Kenyon, Lida
Knight, Mrs. Sophie G
Love, Ella (2)
Le Grue, Suzie
"Lady Dee"
Lang, Ione
Lee, Rosa
Laurette, Mlle.
Montague, Mrs. Emily
Maurice, Nellie
Marble, Helen A.
Marshall, Mrs H. A
Mitchell, Maggie
Mace, Jennie
Matthews, Laurette
McAllister, Phosa
Moore, Clara (2)
Morton, Mrs. J. W.
Mitchell, Lottie (2)
May, Minnie
Medlar, Sadie
Mack, Mrs. Ada
Morgan, Jennie
Monroe, Dollie
Mayhew, Katie
McDermott Sisters
Noxon, Libby (2)
Nash, Julie
Norwood, Marion
Palmer, Minnie
Pendy, Mrs. John
Parker, Lizzie (of Parker Sisters)(2)
Rainford, Minnie
Reynolds, Fannie V. (2)
Reignolds,
Rosalie, Marie (of Houck's Theatre)
Somers, Alice
Stuart, Felix Sisters
Steele, Sallie
Squires, Madam
Sanderson, Mrs. L. (marionettess) (2)
Sylvester, Louise
Shellman Sisters
Siddons, Adah
Selwyn, Blanche(2)
Sexton, Inez (vocalist)
St. Felix, Madam
Sheerwood, Josie
Sheppard, Maude
Vance, Nina
Vernon, Beatrice
Villa, Agnes Wallace 6c.
Walker, Mrs. Leona
Wilson, Julia
Wilson, Mollie
Waller, Mrs. Emma
West, Zoe
"Young Actress"
Zeluida, Aggie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aldridge, Henry
Arnott, Edward
Ammel, C. S.
Aiken, C. S.
Aiken, A. W.
Austin, Charlie
Anderson, Geo. F.
Austin Bros.
Atkinson, Chas. H.
Allen, Ira (of Lon. Ool Sensation)
Adams, Tommy
Adsette, W. H.
Arlington, Billy
Barnum, P. T.
Benedict, Lew
Burgess, Cool 3c.
Burton, Jack 3c.
Burton & Rice
Bloss, Duncan C.
Beach, H. W. Stanhope
Boucicault, Dion
Brown, Col. T. A.
Borst, W. H. (2)
Brandini, —
Broun, Robt. (of Texas Jack's Co.
Bowron, Geo.
Boyd, Clarence
Brewster, M. W.
Borgman, Chas. F.
Burton, Ed. 3c.
Bell, Frank
Barlow, Wilson, Rhinoc & West)
Brownlie, Archie
Benton, Chas. (2
Bowron, Wm. A.
Colwell, John
Cox, B. R. 8c.
Cody, Hon. W. F. (2)
Crouse, C. J.
Clapham, H. J.
Carvella, Bob (2)
Castello, Geo. B.
Crumley, Bob
Castellos, The
Campbell-Johnson, (of Forepaugh's Cir.
Cole, Lew (Dutch "biz")
Crosby, C. J. (agent)
Cohan, Jerry
Cherry, Nelson
Cummings, J. H
Campbell
O'Brien's Circus
Carter, J. Hennessy
Coleman, Harry
Claxton, Henry
Creston, H. (2)
Coleman, D. W.
Cooper, Harry
Curtis, M. S.
Constantine, Harry
Collins, Jas. (Collins & Wren)
Collins, H. L.
Clarke, Kit (3)
"Cincinnati Joe"
Collins, Wm.
Cannon, Thos.
Duryea, Peter
Dyring, S. T.
Delehanty & Heng ler
Doupont, Henry
Donely, J. H.
Dearth, Sam
De Bonay, John
Dobson, Jack
Duprez, C. H.
Davis, J. Chas.
Dooley, Willie
Darrow, Wm.
De Haven, Fox & Claude
Draper, S.
Dougherty, Hugh ey (3)
Day, Chas. H. (2)
Davis, O. L.
De Bar, Bob
Devonear, Peat
Donovan, Michael
Emmons, Chas.
Emett, Chas. E.
Evans, Frank
Eakin, F. S.
Emerson, Billy
Evens, Julian Lux mire
Fowler, W. W.
Fox, Chas. & Jessie
Freige, A.
Forbes, Chas. (2)
Fisk, Chas. E.
Fraqckum, G.W. (3)
Fowler, Henry
Fox, Jos. E.
Fannon, Jos. T.
Ferguson, H. V.
Ford, T. J. (2)
Fostelle, Chas. (2)
Ferguson, Adam
France, Sid
Forbes, Chas.
Fisher, John F.
Frost, Hyatt
Gardner, Chas (Hop-light Loo)
Gotthold, E. M.
Gaylor, Chas.
Grigte, Chas.
Griffin, John D.
Goodwin, N. C.
Grover, Leonard
Garland, J.
Hilliard, N. T.
Girard Bros.

THERE WERE LETTERS in the Memphis (Tenn.) Post-office on July 12 for John Foster, clown, with the Golden Menagerie and Circus, and Warren S. Fox, Agent South Carolina Minstrels (6).

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS are in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office: Queen & Bell; Green Berry, Agent How-e; J. V. Shelig, Agent (2); Fred J. Levantine, of Palmer's Black Crook Co.; J. Cardella; Thomas Wallace, Manager Tennessee Jubilee Singers; Mr. Van Wormer, Agent Prince Madcap; Mr. Mahoney, of Jubilee Troupe, engaged to Co.; Frank De Laner, of Hilliard & Huntin'z Show; Mr. Lockhart, of the Folleys Theatre Co. (2); Dan Mason, and Hyatt Frost, of Van Amburgh Circus.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, July 15, '78.

This is the calm that precedes the theatrical storm of 1878-9, and a quieter calm and a more listless season of indolence and inactivity is not within the bounds of our memory. A suspicion of music is the only thing in the line of amusement in the upper air of society, and the permanent existence of that is not a fixed certainty. T. Thomas, despite the high record of Fahrenheit, continues his struggles in Gilmore's Garden at Madison square; and in order to aid and abet him in his wild design of playing it out on that line all summer, a military band was added to the classical collection last evening. To the westward, along the Broadway and the Sixth avenue, a small but by-no-means-to-be-despised congregation of German musicians give free concerts nightly under the broad shadow of Heaven, trusting upon the liberality of their adopted fellow-citizens for the means wherewith to continue their unclassical but none the less popular midsummer-nights' free blow. They take their stand in front of the numerous hotels that fringe that region, and with nice precision and harmonic devices they charm the circle of visitors who ornament those hostelries; and their Offenbachian eccentricities and resurrections of the melodious gems of the old masters evidently afford more satisfaction than does the heavy work of Wagner and others of his calibre under the guidance of brother Thomas. As an additional amusement in the interest of out-door coteries, the gentlemanly colored whistler continues his walks along the hotel frontage, and fascinates the guests by his liquid notes and variable degrees of minor and major modes. To hear our friend and brother execute "The Mocking Bird," with imitations of that imitative night-brawler, in variations in the chromatic, hydrostatic and hydraulic scales, with running accompaniment by the Elevated Railroad, is a musical treat worth the genuinest ten-cent piece that was ever putbished. These are about all the amusements with which our up-town friends are favored during the dog-nights. Let us be very thankful that even these are left us.....So far as professionals are concerned, the eastward flow of ocean-travel seems to have come to a stop, our Troubadorical friend N. S. Salsbury being one of the last to leave, on July 13. May the sun shine brightly and the waves leap lightly on the head of the master-mind of the Troubadours! In a few weeks the return travel will begin, and the forms and faces we have missed will once more gladden the sight and make joyful "the city of our woe." Among the early birds will be the divine Fanny, she of Mabel Renfrew fame, but soon to be translated into a new-found Olivia. And here we will endure to make known our deep grief and excessive sorrow on learning that when Fanny went to see the piece played in London, by some inscrutable decree of an avaricious manager she was made to pay for the box she occupied. Nay more, it is said that when she called on Willis the dramatist he gave her luncheon in a railroad depot, and sat *all the time with his hat on!* Is this treatment of one of our representative actresses to be borne in silence? Are we to tamely submit to the fair fame of the fairer Fanny being jeopardized by eating lunch in a railroad station, when at home the Hotel Brunswick and Delmonico's were honored to do her proudly? We see in the whole proceeding an outcropping of the deleterious influences of the Communistic propagandists. [MEM.—To lay for Willis when he comes over here, and heap coals of fire upon his offending head by giving him quail on toast at the Windsor.—ED.].....While many of the pious clergymen of this city are winging their way to mansions in the great cities of London and Paris, dear Brother Beecher of our sister city "over the river" hies him to-day to ye happy and lucrative hunting-grounds of the far-away Golden State, where the Brooklyn pastor will arrive in season to fill up the gap made by the incarnation of our New York Pastor's engagement. Let us commemorate the departure of Brother Beecher in a few

CHOICE RHYMES.

There is a golden land far, far away,
Where stars are in demand ev-ur-y day;
There all may find relief, weary spirits there find rest;
Share after five hundred—greatest and best!
Gone, but not forgotten.

.....What a grand galaxy of talent Bessie Turner and Mrs. Jenks would make! It's a wonder some shrewd showman hasn't seen this splendid opportunity and gathered them in! Why, the country would be wild to "witness" the performances of these extraordinary attractions.....

Mary Anderson had a narrow escape from an unlucky fate last week. An *Argus*-eyed journalist of Louisville married her to a son of Gen. John C. Fremont the pathfinder. And he stuck to it with a tenacity akin to that of "Our Jim" when he seizes his pie at lunch-time. The papers, as soon as they found money by the sale of unusual, took hold of the affair, and "made their moans" over the suicidal act of the young tragedienne. But truth, crushed to earth by the Louis-villian, comes up smiling in the bright lexicon of youth, and discloses the *real* fact that, instead of marrying Mary Anderson the actress, Lieutenant Fremont, the gallant son of his father, was united in the connubial bonds to Miss *Sallie* Anderson, of Washington, D. C.

.....John B. Gough has sailed for Europe. We *thought* that they were becoming too dissipated over there. Gough may yet be in time to quench the thirst of many a fallen brother without resorting to anything but "the pure, sparkling cup of cold water." We still have Murphy among us, who will keep the faithful at this end of the line from going astray.....Now that Great Britain has secured a controlling interest in the management of Cyprus, it is quite possible that a number of combinations have already sent out agents to secure dates.....A couple of song-and-dance men, advertising for engagements, declare that "salary is no object." Now, that shows a true love of art, which others in the profession would do well to imitate.....We would kindly suggest to actors seeking for hearts to make home happy, that when a Chicago girl refers you to her *pas* and her *mas*, she doesn't allude to portions of her anatomy.....What a loss to the showman! By late intelligence from England we learn that W. N. Found of Birkenhead, "the first passenger over the first railroad in the world," has just died! A sad case of "Found and lost."..... For a blind orphan-girl, burnt out of house and home, and chased by imaginary creditors, Kate Claxton is making remarkable progress in her profession. We only learn that the lady is to manage the Lyceum Theatre in this city. Some people surmise that this will prove a more trying ordeal for Kate's nerves than the smoke through which she passed at the Brooklyn conflagration.

PENSIVE LINES.

Once more the Lyceum, 'tis announced,
Its doors will open wide;
Let's hope 'twon't swallow Claxton's funds,
Or else 'twill be inside.

.....There's one thing that causes us deep distress of mind, and even prevents us from sleeping these warm nights, and that is the deserted and lonesome condition of the stage door-keepers and watchmen of our shut-up places of amusement. A sadder-looking set of men we never saw, and we make no complaint, unless the ghost should cease to walk. Every night we visit one or more of these disconsolate watchmen, and we do our best to cheer them and to convince them that the day of their deliverance will surely come. We give them beer and crackers and cheese and tell them comical stories to make them laugh; but there's no laugh in them; they seem dead to the world. Then we talk about their humble homes, and the dear ones awaiting their coming, and the prattling of infantile voices, and the tears of anguished wives, and the footfall of the serpent's heel upon the domestic hearth, and the appeal of the daughter for her to guard against the sacrilegious intruder. This kind of talk always impresses them, and calls forth the briny tear from eyes albeit unused to the melting mood; then we picture in vivid colors the wrongs he is called upon to endure, while those who employ him are enjoying themselves with their happy families. One night last week we worked on a watchman's feelings to that degree that he wept like a child, and begged us to take his place while he ran home to see if all was well within. Of course. He came back feeling like another man—he found his family in the enjoyment of that sweet peace which passeth all understanding after enjoying a clam-bake at Coney Island. We do all we can to make them forget their lowly origin, and to assure them that the world owes every man a living, etcetera. And we gain their confidence so that they tell us the secrets of the greenroom, the plans for the future, and such little matters as cannot be procured in any other way, and we always leave them the better for our coming, and the joy we feel at their serenity can only be equaled by that of the small boy who has got away with a big chunk of ice! These men have got so now that they look for us, and always have a stool ready for us to sit down upon. Should unforseen circumstances detain us at the office and prevent us from calling upon our humble friends, they actually grieve over it, and our welcome the next night is singularly touching. Why, we have been known to sit all night with one of these lonely watchers, and by our presence and soothing influence to make his life happy. And we want you to understand that they are not at all ungrateful for our kindness. From these guardian spirits we obtain more news at one sitting than we could get from the manager or his agent in a whole year. They cannot do too much for us. Why, one night a hard-working wife of one of these trusty men was unable through sickness to send him his supper. What did we do? We had supper sent to him from a neighboring restaurant, and we *refused* to let the man pay for it! That man's gratitude knew no bounds. We got more fresh and newsy items from him that night than you could shake a stick at. If one finds out that we have devoted more time to others than we have to him, he is the sadness on his face fairly bubbles up like the furrowed corrugations of a useless and worn-out "jintin' doll!" That is very painful for us to endure, you may rest assured. Gentlemen, you may call us egotistic, and say that we are fabricating lies! This is also painful, and we shall, with your concurrence, close this paragraph of our sad experience. But what we casually heard when, in our professional capacity, we sought the shades of a pleasant lunch-resort last Saturday:

First Lunch Fiend—See that cracker dish?

Second Ditto—Yes!

First Ditto—Let's *cracker dish* and joke about it?

(Exeunt Lunch Fiend, in charge of police.)

.....They say that the crops are coming up nobly out West. This bodes another season of prosperity for circuses and traveling combinations. Dear Brother Sankey needn't bother himself any longer about that conundrum "What shall the harvest be?".....Now that the Congress of Nations has closed, it is probable that Prince Bismarck will, professionally, visit us. He will debut at the Fifth-avenue Theatre.....Boston is a good show-town, and every first-class star or troupe that looks in there is sure to come out with many ducats ahead; and this in spite of the alleged evangelical character of the people. List!

"VANGIE."

Towards "Evangeline," so fair,
That "Hub" with pleasure bends;
It seems to be as fond of "Rice"
As e'er it was of *beans!*

We are glad that the hot spell came when the theatres were closed. It would have been very discouraging had it struck us in the Spring, when the season was at its height.....We haven't had a balloon ascension here this season. Why doesn't somebody go up? Why doesn't the flying machine man start a little snap here? Both Philadelphia and Boston have had these aerial light this season. In the great metropolis of America to be ground in the dust and insulted in this manner?.....And still they come. Among the probable new plays for next season will be "The Dead Head," a sequal to "The Dead Heart," and "Whisked," a sequel to "Branded."..... Were you ever in the office of a dramatic agency when managers and performers were endeavoring to perfect their arrangements for the coming season? Well, you ought to drop in and listen to the remarks of the players. It's far better than a picnic, and equally as enjoyable as a Sabbath excursion on Commodore Tooker's Plymouth Rock. We'll give you our experience of a half-hour spent

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"I offered him the holidays at forty-five per cent."

"Mazeppa'd pull like steam with us; you'd catch 'em every night."

"She dressed the part with cotton tights, and looked a perfect fright."

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"Of course she'll pay us if she draws, but if she don't—what then?"

"They've got a lot of tart old tricks, the worst I ever saw."

"You don't go on till nine o'clock; he'll put you on the door."

Here chat the pretty actresses with confidence sublime; Here agents, "stars" and managers talk anxiously of "Time;"

Here handsome men pass in and out, desiring to be "fixed;"

And things to an "outsider" seem emphatically "mixed."

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THE LYCEUM THEATRE has been leased for a term of years by Shook & Palmer, who have sublet it for one year to Miss Kate Claxton.

THE PARK THEATRE is to be opened for the season, under the management of Henry E. Abbey, Sept. 2, with a comedy entitled "Hurricanes," which was originally and successfully produced a few months ago in Chicago, Ill. Lotta will be the succeeding attraction, acting, probably, in an adaptation of "La Cigale," and Robson and Crane will fill the time after the close of her engagement until Dec. 2. A. Sothern is to commence a protracted season.

EDWIN F. THORNE has purchased of M. W. Leffingwell the comedy entitled "Billiards," in which he proposes to star during the coming season. He has also engaged "Yank" Adams the finger-billiardist to travel with him and give an exhibition of his remarkable skill during every performance of the piece.

JULIUS BURTON, a contortionist, who traveled with circuses some years ago, and more recently had performed in some of the variety theatres here, but who of late had been gaining a precarious living by performing in saloons and other places, committed suicide in his apartments at 83 Essex street, either on the night of July 10, or the morning of the 11th. He was 32 years of age and unmarried.

LIZZIE SCHULTZ is to return to the stage after a long absence, and is to act May Edwards in "The Ticket-of-leave Man" in the Stadt Theatre this week. Companies are to be rehearsed by C. L. Farwell, E. Brown, M. Harrison, Addie Farwell and Keating and Sands.

AMONG THE LATEST ARRIVALS are Managers J. H. Haverly and J. H. McVicker of Chicago, Ill.; J. H. Meech of Buffalo, N. Y.; Charles S. Wilkinson of the New England Circuit; W. P. Spaulding of Spaulding's Comedy Company; John Fenton of Rochester; W. C. Mitchell of the Theatre Comique, St. Louis; S. Hickey of Syracuse; R. E. J. Miles and L. Steele of Cincinnati; David Black of Providence; Mr. Whitney of Detroit; John W. Edwards of Nashville; and Augustus Pitou of Toronto, Ont.; also the well-known stars Frank Mayo and J. C. McCollom.

AS SOON as the traveling season for circuses is over, Barnum will give us a term of his "Greatest Show on Earth" at Gilmore's Garden. The Fall season promises to be big with entertainments of various kinds.

THE NAMES of our managers and actors are taking their breathings within easy reach of the city, and numbers of them make flying visits here every day.

AGENCIES continue busy taking account of "stock" and filling up time.

MISS MINNIE CUMMINGS is in the city, superintending the arrangements for her coming tour with her own combination. We understand that she has secured the services of an experienced business-manager, and already a number of engagements have been negotiated.

IT'S NONSENSE to talk about building more theatres here. It would be better for all concerned were we to pull down a few of those we already have.

WHEN MAPLESON brings over his opera company to inaugurate the season of 1878-9 at the Academy of Music, there will be "music in the air" such as we have not been accustomed to of late years at that house. We hail this anticipated operatic revival as the harbinger of an extraordinary musical campaign.....The fact that what we casually heard when, in our professional capacity, we sought the shades of a pleasant lunch-resort last Saturday:

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CITY SUMMARY.

HENRY C. JARRETT, Charles H. Morton, and Miss Marie Bates sailed for England in the steamship Celtic July 11. They go to prepare for the production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in London, Eng., Sept. 2. It is to be played every afternoon in the Aquarium Theatre, and every night in the Princess' Theatre. The American artists engaged are Chas. Thorne and Miss Eva Mills.....Dr. Benjamin Bates, Topsy; J. H. Rowe, Legree; Harry Hawk, Lawyer Marks; Miss Fanny Denham, Aunt Ophelia; and Little Amy Slavin, Eva. In addition to a band of jubilee singers, the following are to appear: Horace Weston, banjoist; Miss Sarah Washington, choral leader; the Bildell Children (4 and 6 years of age), dancers; the Kemp Jolly Coons; and the Louisiana Troubadour Quartet.

THE LYCEUM THEATRE has been leased for a term of years by Shook & Palmer, who have sublet it for one year to Miss Kate Claxton.

THE PARK THEATRE is to be opened for the season, under the management of Henry E. Abbey, Sept. 2, with a comedy entitled "Hurricanes," which was originally and successfully produced a few months ago in Chicago, Ill. Lotta will be the succeeding attraction, acting, probably, in an adaptation of "La Cigale," and Robson and Crane will fill the time after the close of her engagement until Dec. 2. A. Sothern is to commence a protracted season.

EDWIN F. THORNE has purchased of M. W. Leffingwell the comedy entitled "Billiards," in which he proposes to star during the coming season. He has also engaged "Yank" Adams the finger-billiardist to travel with him and give an exhibition of his remarkable skill during every performance of the piece.

JULIUS BURTON, a contortionist, who traveled with circuses some years ago, and more recently had performed in some of the variety theatres here, but who of late had been gaining a precarious living by performing in saloons and other places, committed suicide in his apartments at 83 Essex street, either on the night of July 10, or the morning of the 11th. He was 32 years of age and unmarried.

LIZZIE SCHULTZ is to return to the stage after a long absence, and is to act May Edwards in "The Ticket-of-leave Man" in the Stadt Theatre this week. Companies are to be rehearsed by C. L. Farwell, E. Brown, M. Harrison, Addie Farwell and Keating and Sands.

AMONG THE LATEST ARRIVALS are Managers J. H. Haverly and J. H. McVicker of Chicago, Ill.; J. H. Meech of Buffalo, N. Y.; Charles S. Wilkinson of the New England Circuit; W. P. Spaulding of Spaulding's Comedy Company; John Fenton of Rochester; W. C. Mitchell of the Theatre Comique, St. Louis; S. Hickey of Syracuse; R. E. J. Miles and L. Steele of Cincinnati; David Black of Providence; Mr. Whitney of Detroit; John W. Edwards of Nashville; and Augustus Pitou of Toronto, Ont.; also the well-known stars Frank Mayo and J. C. McCollom.

AS SOON as the traveling season for circuses is over

THE NEW FACES at Crone's City Garden, Indianapolis, Ind., 8, were Dan Mason, Dutch comique; Marsh Adams as the aged darky; Kitty Allyne, serio-comic; the Parker Sisters in attractive double acts, St. Leon and Showers in songs-and-dances, and Tom Ballinger, a local singer, whose voice is a pure soprano. Stage-manager Shilmer's benefit 9 was a success. Among the volunteers were Ben Dodge, Little Bobby Dodge, Fred Huber and Billy Allen. Business fair. No changes .... Ben Dodge opens Kreis' Concert Hall at Lafayette 13 as a permanent place of amusement, with the following company: Ben Dodge, Little Bob, Mabel Leigh, Homer and Holly, Ethel Lee, Emile Ames, La Pauline and Prof. Swanson. Marsh Adams opens 25, and on Sept. 1 rejoins Haverly's New Orleans Minstrels for the season.....At her benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre 13, Mollie Williams will put on "Forbidden Fruit," "The French Spy" and an olio. The performances will be directed by her husband, Chas. Mestayer.....W. H. Schneider is engaged at Henck's, Cincinnati, for next season.....Ed. F. Hilton announces his benefit for Aug. 5. Letter of July 12.

VARIETY NEWS from Chicago, Ill., up to July 13, is furnished by our correspondent, there as follows: "At the New Chicago business has continued good the past week, notwithstanding the very warm weather. Harry G. Richmond remained, contrary to announcement, and scored a hit in his sketch 'Epitaphs.' Departures 13: Victoria North, to Val. Love's Comique, Kansas City; Julietta Nault, Bella Union, Deadwood, D. T. The rest remain, and Jennie Morgan and the Lawrence Sisters open 15.....By permission of Manager Allen several members of his company appeared at the Folly matinee 7 for the benefit of the commonwealth, when a large house greeted them.....Clifton and Fox join Tony Denier's Company, which begins its season at Bay City, Mich., Sept. 1. Frank Hildreth will be treasurer of the party. Geo. S. Sydney was tendered the agency, but had to refuse, owing to prior engagement .... Leon De Leon, for the past season with the Orrin Bros., in Cuba, arrived in town 9."

MLLE. FACHON'S BURLESQUE TROUPE opens in Ward's Opera-house, Paterson, N. J., July 15, for one week.

THE FOLKS' THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y., is to reopen Aug. 26. Artists can apply at once for time. See card.

VIOLA CLIFTON'S Female Minstrels are billed in Portland, Me., July 16, 17, 18.

JAMES W. McKEE, character vocalist, is rusticating at his home, in Paterson, N. J., overseeing the St. James Hotel, of which he is the proprietor.

SHEDMAN'S SUMMER GARDEN, Williamsport, Pa., closed for the Summer July 13 owing to the Shedman Brothers joining H. D. Van's Circus. Harry Bennett, treasurer, joined Ed. Tinkham at Niagara Falls, N. Y., to go in advance of W. C. Coup's Show. Wingfield Shedman had a benefit July 12, when two of the city bands volunteered, and during the evening he was presented with a gold-headed cane. After the show the entire company were entertained at the residence of Joseph Lush.

KITTY WHITLAND'S MOTHER died in Sheboygan, Wis., May 29.

AT THE ATLANTIC GARDEN, Fort Wayne, Ind., the chief attractions last week were the Perry Brothers, Jimmy Roach, Lydia Rose, and the D'Alve Brothers. Closed 13: Nellie Clark, to Indianapolis; the Perry Bros., Lydia Rose, Della Wallace, and Waide and Laclede, to Cincinnati, O. To open 15: Redmon and Devore, Ada Clifford, Emma Johnson, and Jennie Oates. Bartine & Earle, the proprietors, take company on a tour shortly, performing under an eighty-foot canvas. ... Tommy Dayton's Summer Garden is closed for the purpose of replacing the canvas roof with a wooden one.

AT TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., there is nothing new. The company consists of Lulu Leonard, Lizzie Aldine, Geo. Skelding, Molly Gaylord, John Brassall and Add. Yale.

MISS ELLA MAYO writes to THE CLIPPER that she is not engaged to be married to William J. Scanlan, as was stated upon his authority.

BUSINESS at the Summer Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., was excellent last week. The arrivals were Hulmes and Leo in a remarkably dangerous act in mid air, on "The Ladder of Life" and flying trapeze, the De Cort Sisters in pleasing serio-comic songs, Christy and Emmerson in songs-and-dances, Ione Lang in medley songs, J. Riley and Lizzie Smith also appeared in "Pink Dominos." The departures 13 were Jennie Eagan, Reynolds and Walling, to Baltimore. Announced for 15: Collyer and Kelley, W. H. Stanley and Flora Moore.

THE TIVOLI GARDEN, Lafayette, Ind., opened July 8 with the following company: Billy Hanley, business-manager; James B. Jackson, Johnny Welsh, Charles Penfield, Harry Baermann, Ada Palmer, Josie Welsh and Mme. De Inez.

MRS. THOS. B. BURKE, professionally known as Libbie Hensley, presented her husband with a 10lb boy July 5 in New Orleans, La.

A COMPANY consisting of J. E. Green, mocking-bird imitator; Leonard Bros., song-and-dance; King and Carroll, Irish song-and-dance: Capt. Ed. Went, John Sherwood, J. B. Squires, Mrs. C. Butler, Miss A. Butler, and Miss A. Irons are to perform in Grand Rapids Mich., July 17.

THE LOVE SISTERS—Kittie, Ella and Minnie—will appear next season in a drama, written expressly for them, entitled "Tip, or in the Dark Depths." A full dramatic company and a Dutch comedian are wanted to support them; also a band and orchestra, a property-man and an agent. Managers of halls and opera-houses desiring to engage them can address J. H. Sullivan, manager, as per advertisement.

FROM CINCINNATI: Our correspondent writes July 12: "William Arlington, the well-known comedian; Jennie Miaco, serio-comic; and William Eunice and Tom Miaco, pantomimists, were the new people to appear at Heuck's 8. A first-part was given for the only time during the season, with Johnny Shay and Arlington on the ends. It was good. Biz fair. The season will close with Sunday's performances. Billy Arlington and Fred the Elzelle Sisters go to Chicago; Inez Sexton, Detroit; Tom Miaco to Medina, N. Y., for a rest; and the others remain here for the present. Manager Douglass and wife (Kate Bilsland) take an Eastern trip next week. The Fall season opens Aug. 31. Besides those named some weeks ago, W. H. Gleason has been engaged for leading man, and Dolp Levino for scenic-artist. The latter has distinguished himself for many weeks by the capital series of caricatures with which he has adorned the walls of the city. During the vacation the theatre will be handsomely frescoed, a regular dress-circle will be built, and the entire auditorium will be furnished with folding-chairs.....The Coliseum opens Sept. 2. Improvements are also promised here. James S. Edwards is to have the management.....Charles Larouax, athlete; Tommy Turner, banjoist; James McDonald, pedestal-skate dancer; Baby Macdonald, child vocalist; Mulligan, who joined his old partner Morris; and Lulu Francis, serio-comic, opened at Schickling's 8. Fair. Departures: Eva Bennett, Evansville; Laroux, and the McDonalds. Opening 15: Perry Brothers and Lydia Rose.....At the Eldorado 8 the recruits were Harry Mundel, Charles H. King, James Reilly, three Crimmins brothers, Wella Estelle, Jennie Oates, and Nellie Moss. Biz good.....Griffin and McCarty, Bob Milligan, Charles Harris, Lotta Gray, Ada Adair, Bertha Rigle, and Jessie Adams opened at the Brighton 8.....Morris and Green and Wally Morgan began at the Olympic 8.....Lizzie Barrett and Florence Hamilton opened at the White House 8."

MANAGERS desiring to arrange time with Pat Rooney's New York Combination are requested to communicate at once with James W. Graves, manager, whose address find elsewhere.

WILLIS PICKERT and William Hayle, whose clog-dancing is phenomenal, will perform together next season, doing double business and their single specialties. They can be addressed as per advertisement.

PERFORMERS can secure engagements at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, by addressing Harry F. Seymour, manager.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS desiring to fill time at Carroll's Comique, Brooklyn, E. D., will find R. M. Carroll's address in our business department. Mr. Carroll is also prepared to dispose of a half-interest in the establishment. A new entrance to the theatre is to be built.

ATLANTIC GARDEN, Fort Wayne, Ind., will close July 20 and reopen in September. Manager Bartine notifies artists that all dates are canceled, but requests them to write again.

FRANK ROBINSON, who advertises, wants to engage variety performers and musicians.

VARIETY ARTISTS can secure engagements by addressing Davis & Co., agents, Cincinnati, who are also prepared to supply managers with performers.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS in want of engagements are requested to address George Mashey, proprietor Tivoli Garden, Pittsburg, Pa.

AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, San Antonio, Texas, business is reported to be fair. The manager informs us that Neoskleta and "Leon" closed July 8, "contrary to the terms of their contract and without giving proper notice." Little Ardine and Ida Vivienne reopened July 1. First-class performers can secure engagements for the Fall and Winter season. Address Frank Sparrow, as per card.

JAMES H. EDWARDS, manager of the Coliseum, Cincinnati, O., telegraphs a change of address too late for us to alter the advertisement; so artists will please send their letters to No. 52 Portland street, Cleveland, instead of to the address given in the card.

THE ARRIVALS at the Adelphi, Toledo, O., July 8, were Eva Dennison in motto-songs and Hattie Hawthorn in ballads. Nell and Eldridge were tendered a benefit 12. Closing 13: Turner and Geyer, to Cleveland; Lizzie Whitmore, to Detroit; Burt Clark, to Chicago, where he expects to meet his partner, Chas. Edwards, if he has recovered from his late accident; Vic Reynolds and Eva Dennison, unknown. Opening 15: Lew Hallett, Lottie and Andie Amanns, the Howland Sisters, and Minnie Kaye.....At the Coliseum the new people were Ula Boydell, balladist, and Alf. Miles, negro business. Mlle. Gillesattie disappointed. Closing 13: Victorelli's and Tom Young, unknown. Opening 15: the Castellos—Chas. and Cad. Fred. Lang and Dan Cooley.....Frank Cunningham returned to Toledo last week from an eight months' trip with the "Mollie Maguire" party and Sullivan's Mirror of Ireland.....D. W. Herr ("Dan Howard" professionally) is home again from a four years' trip, in which he has been around the world as Barney the Guide with Howorth's Hibernicon.

AT THE MOZART GARDEN, Brooklyn, the arrivals this week are Carrie Stewart, Belle Cushing, J. D. Robinson, G. Vance, De La West and Ned Wilson.

THE VICTORIA LOFTUS TROUPE, as organized for the season of 1878-79, comprises Mlle. Victoria Loftus, Ada Freeman, Lottie Elliott, Genevieve St. Mark, Lillie Raymond, James Collins, Harry Le Claire, Cummings and Harrington and George Atkins. The officers are J. Charles Davis & Co., proprietors; W. H. Smith, business-manager; Jack Smith, treasurer; and James Brown, agent. They commence their season Sept. 2 at the Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass. For particulars see card.

JENNIE ENGLE, serio-comic vocalist, can be engaged for the coming season by applying as per card.

THE JOLLY WYMANS, Alf and Lulu, German and society sketch artists, can be negotiated with for next season by addressing as per card.

THE WINNETTS are at present rusticating at Bath, L. I. Mr. Winnett has almost entirely recovered from his protracted illness.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS closed a successful season of one week in Victoria, Vancouver's Island, B. C., July 1, and left for Portland, Oregon.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS played in Youngstown, O., July 10, Warren 11, Cleveland 12, 13, Toledo 15. Jos. Chenet joined the company 14. Titusville as business-manager. Parley B. Rhoads is the general agent.

OWING TO FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS being in the way of Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, the latter have given up their Minnesota route. They played in Madison, Wis., July 9, Portage City 10, Beaver Dam 11, Ripon 12, Princeton 13, and are billed in Berlin 15, Fond du Lac 16, Jefferson 17, Whitewater 18, Stoughton 19, Janesville 20, Beloit 22 and Rockford 23.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS, under the proprietorship of J. H. Haverly, appear in Lewiston, Me., July 16, Bath 17, Portland 18, Manchester, N. H., 19, Lowell, Mass., 20, Nashua, N. H., 22, Taunton, Mass., 23, New Bedford 24, Providence, R. I., 25, 26.

PERFORMERS and specialty artists desiring engagements with Carncross' Minstrels the coming season are requested to apply to John L. Carncross, whose address find in another column.

NOTICE is given through our business department that Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels have no vacant dates for next season. They also make announcements in regard to their printing, dead-head admissions, etc.

P. W. SHRADER is to be the general agent of Skiff & Gaylord's new Minstrels next season.

MILT. G. BARLOW is resting from his labors during the heated term at his home in Toledo, O., with his family.

WATSON AND BEHAN, clog and song-and-dance artists, advertise for an engagement.

CIRCUSES.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S CIRCUS is to show in Truro, N. S., July 15, New Glasgow 16, Pictou 17, Charlottetown P. E. I., 18, 19, Sommerside 20, Shediac, N. B., 22, Chatham 23, New Castle 24, Petticodiac 25, Sussex 26, and Hampton 27.

DAN RICE'S CIRCUS exhibited in Plattsmouth, Neb., July 4, morning, afternoon and night, to crowded houses. A correspondent says: "The main features of the show were the riding of Master Willie Showles, the trapeze performance of Miltimore and Berry, the brother-act and double-bars of the Lorbey Bros., the balancing-ladder of Sam McFlynn, the cloud-swing and revolving globe on horseback by Jacob Showles, contortion-act of Wm. Wells, and the tumbling by the company, including Geo. Jenner, Miltimore and Berry, Lorbey Bros., Showles, Wells and others. The comicalities of Billy Wheeler the clown were very funny, and evoked constant peals of laughter. On the whole, the company is a strong one and gave satisfaction. The clowns are Dan Rice, Sam McFlynn and Billy Wheeler. Destination, the Black Hills." LATER.—LOSS OF THEIR STEAMBOAT.—A telegram dated Omaha, Neb., July 11, informs us "the fiercest tempest experienced for years prevailed in this region July 9. The steamer Dan Rice, on which his circus was making the Missouri Valley tour, sank up the river between Tekannes and Decatur. Fortunately, the circus company were not on board, but were traveling on land with teams between two performing places. Most of the property on the boat was saved. The boat was valued at $20,000."

FRANK A. GARDNER is again challenged by Wm. H. Batcheller to leap for the championship, and particulars as to time, place, etc., are published in our business department. Frank A. Gardner also publishes an acceptance of Batcheller's former challenge. [We hold the $500 referred to by Mr. Batcheller's card, also $50 from Mr. Gardner.—ED. "CLIPPER."]

THE SHEDMAN BROS. are to join H. D. Van's Circus in Saugerties, N. Y., July 15, having taken all of the privileges excepting the concert.

W. W. COLE'S CIRCUS is billed in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 31.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S CIRCUS have changed their route as follows: Lyndonville, N. Y., July 23, Webster 24, Sodus 25, Wolcott 26, Oswego 27, Pulaski 29, Camden 30, Adams 31, Watertown Aug. 1, Gouverneur 2, Potsdam 3.

BARNUM'S "GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH" came into Buffalo, N. Y., July 12 in a drenching rain storm, which did not let up until noon, causing the morning programme for that day to be omitted. Our correspondent says: "By far the greatest inconvenience was in raising the canvas in the face of not only rain, but of a gale. It was successfully accomplished, however, and afternoon and evening performances 12 and three performances 13 were given to immense crowds. In order not to disappoint the multitude, Mr. Barnum provided a street-parade on the last day." Billed in Toledo, O., 20.

W. W. COLE'S CIRCUS is billed in Detroit, Mich., July 29, and Barnum jumps in 22, a week ahead. Walker & Co., billposters, have erected for Barnum what is thought to be the largest billboard in the world, holding 365 sheets, one for every day in the year.

FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS is to be exhibited in Milwaukee, Wis., July 17, 18.

COUP'S EQUESTRICULUM exhibited in Hornellsville, N. Y., July 11, to a crowded tent, both afternoon and evening, giving, our correspondent says, "better satisfaction than any similar show that has visited this city in years. It performed all it advertised. Mr. Coup has engaged the man with the only flying machine, at an expense of $1,000 per week. Route: Toronto, Ont., 15, 16, Hamilton 17, London 18, Brantford 19, and Guelph 20.

IN WELLSVILLE, N. Y., Coup's Equescurriculum showed 10 to fine business; had to close entrance on account of crowd, there being 6,000 people present at the two performances.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BILLPOSTERS met in Indianapolis Ind., July 10, with representatives from a number of States present. Our correspondent says: "President Geo. A. Treyser of Chicago called the meeting to order, and delivered his annual address, which, one, was very interesting. The report of the secretary, M. A. Watson of Flint, Mich., and that of the treasurer, W. W. Biels of Toledo, O., were read, which showed the Association to be in a prosperous condition. Reports were received from a number of State billposters' associations which have been lately organized, after which a large amount of routine business was transacted, of no especial interest to those outside the profession, among which was the adoption of a new constitution and bylaws; also a uniform constitution for the government of State associations. These matters will be duly disseminated among the profession in pamphlet form. On the second day, July 11, the committee on appeals reported on charges of unprofessional conduct against M. B. Richmond of St. Louis, preferred by Pond's Extract Company of New York, recommending that the charges be sustained, and that Mr. Richmond's name be dropped from the roll. The report of the committee was adopted, and a copy of the charges ordered sent to the offending member, and he ordered to appear for trial at the next meeting of the Association. Officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows: President, George A. Treyser, Chicago; vice-president, C. L. Houghtaling, New York; secretary, M. A. Watson, Flint, Mich.; treasurer, George W. Biels, Toledo, O. Resolutions of thanks to the hotel proprietors and clerks; Harbison & Abrams, city billposters; Jacob Crone, proprietor City Garden; and the press of the city for courtesies extended, were passed, and at 2.30 P. M. the convention adjourned to meet in Toledo, O., on the second Wednesday in July, 1879. This Association is composed of about 200 members, scattered throughout the United States and the Canadas."

INDIANA BILLPOSTERS.—A meeting of the billposters of Indiana was held in Indianapolis, Ind., July 9, for the purpose of forming a State association. The representation was fair for an 8 M meeting. A constitution and bylaws, submitted by the International Billposters' Association for the government of State associations, was adopted. The following officers were elected to serve the ensuing year: President, J. L. West of Logansport; vice-president, Jesse Barlup of Seymour; secretary (recording and corresponding), B. S. Monsch, Fort Wayne; treasurer, Alexander Harbison of Indianapolis. The officers selected, being called up by George A. Treyser, president of the International Billposters' Association of North America, were duly installed. It was decided to hold the next meeting on the second Tuesday in June, 1879. John Edwards, billposter of Indianapolis, was refused admission to the Association.

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH and Bell's telephone were exhibited at Paterson, N. J., July 12, 13, 15, 16.

THE MIDGETS, who exhibited to reported light business in Milwaukee, Wis., last week, are billed for this in Detroit, Mich.

J. A. MARTIN, property-man, desires an engagement. See card.

J. T. HUNTLEY, well known among our theatrical and minstrel friends, is to open his new hotel, "The National," at Catskill Landing, on Monday, July 21st. Mr. Huntley retired from the profession several years ago, and has resided in Catskill ever since, having establishments in the village and at the landing. His new hotel is fitted up with every convenience for the entertainment of the tourist and others desirous of enjoying the wild scenery and pure air of the Catskill range.

[We have received a letter from Leon De Leon, dated Havana, July 11, in which he says: "I am in receipt of your favor of the 9th inst., and am surprised to see that you have published that I am engaged to be married to Miss Sallie Hall. I have not the honor of knowing the lady, and have never had the pleasure of meeting her. I am not engaged to be married to any one, and have no intention of doing so for the present. Please correct the statement in your next issue."—ED. "CLIPPER."]

MISCELLANEOUS.

VAL YOST, ventriloquist, closed a series of entertainments in the Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu, H. I., June 15, and shortly thereafter sailed for Australia.

IN THE LIGHT-HAMMER THROW at the games of the Waterbury (Ct.) Caledonian Society July 6, Duncan C. Ross was credited with a throw of 113 feet 10 inches, Chas. Kelly following with 106 feet 3 inches.

C. M. DAVIS and Robert Howard are to run 125 yards at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, July 25. Davis staking $300 to $400, and giving two yards start to his opponent.

A. P. MESSINGER, the well-known bicyclist, and L. Delevante are doing an aerial act of a startling character, which they call "The Ride for Life."

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
GARDNER & BACHE ..... Managers
THE COOLEST THEATRE IN THE CITY.
A RESERVED SEAT FOR 50CTS.
Monday, July 15, and until further notice, the thrilling and sensational drama
AURORA FLOYD.
Preceded by the curtain-raiser
MAN WITH THE WHITE HAT.
MATINEES Wednesday and Saturday at 2. 17-1t

BROOKLYN FOLKS' THEATRE.
CHARLEY WHITE ..... Proprietors
E. D. GOODING ..... Director
Having just closed a very successful season,
WILL REOPEN
ON OR ABOUT AUG. 26.
ARTISTS (FIRST-CLASS ONLY) wishing dates for next season, apply at once. 17-1t*

COLISEUM, formerly GAIETY THEATRE, 2,315 and 2,317 Third avenue, Harlem. To let, during the Summer months, by the day, week or month, or will play combinations on shares. Address CHAS. FAAS, Coliseum, Harlem, N. Y. 17-1t*

HARRY MINER'S NEW THEATRE,
165 AND 167 BOWERY,
NOW IN THE FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS.
Also his popular up-town resort,
THE AMERICAN THIRD AVENUE.
BOTH THEATRES OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
First-class artists only can secure two, four, six or eight weeks by applying to HARRY MINER, Sole Proprietor and Manager of both theatres.
THE PALACE VARIETY THEATRE OF AMERICA.
JULY 1ST, Grand Opening of this beautiful Theatre. Also
JULY 1ST, Grand Opening as the most elegant
METROPOLITAN MUTUAL DRAMATIC AND VARIETY AGENCY, 120 Eighth street, N. Y. One thousand artists have registered on our books since formation. Wanted, serio-comic and song-and-dance Ladies immediately, within easy radius of N. Y. 17-1t*

FURNISHED ROOMS for professional guests are advertised elsewhere.

AN ADVANCE AGENT is wanted for Hamilton Corbett's entertainments. See card.

A ROUND-TOP CANVAS is wanted by C. W. Newman, who advertises.

SNAKES of various sizes are advertised for sale by P. Mooney.

AMATEUR.

THE EMERSON AMATEUR MINSTREL ASSOCIATION of Wheeling, W. Va., reorganized, will take a trip through the State, commencing Aug. 5. The company comprises Ed. Bruce, Lew Huseman, Jack Sheppard, V. Adams, Will Mabis, Nelse Noble, R. Conrad, Tony Green; Prof. I. F. Kramer, leader of band; T. H. Little, manager; Jas. Hamilton; general agent.....Frank Kent, female impersonator, is to join the company.

A. T. BARNES has been elected stage-manager of the Wheatley Dramatic Association, Philadelphia.

THE COMEDY CLUB of Rochester, N. Y., gave an entertainment at their hall July 12. "Among the Breakers," a two-act comedy, was finely rendered, the cast including the Misses Booth, Gardner, Barnard and Collins, Messrs. Alexander, Moor, Gibbons, Orittenden, Balceteer and Blum.

CLIO HALL, a new place of amusement at Bunlyn Station, Tenn., built for the use of the Clio Dramatic Company, was dedicated July 10. "Miriam's Crime" was performed.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

AT THE LONDON, ENG., THEATRES the following changes have occurred since our last report: At the Princess' Theatre "Queen's Evidence," a four-act drama by H. Pettitt and George Conquest, originally acted in the Grecian Theatre in June, 1876, had scored a success. It is seldom that a play written to please the taste of the east side of the metropolis finds its way upon the boards of a fashionable west-end theatre. *The Sunday Times* thus speaks of it: "It is doubtful to say whether the absurdity or the strength of the play is more remarkable. Ignorance so entire as is displayed of social customs has never previously been exhibited at a west-end theatre. Yet "Queen's Evidence," for all this, is so strong that the public condones absurdities that, according to the tone of mind of the spectator, appeared ridiculous or shocking. In all that concerns the heroine the play is touching, clever, and sympathetic. It is only in what concerns fashionable life it is ridiculous, and in respect of its aristocratic characters that it is preposterous. With all faults, however, it is a powerful piece, and its reception was furious. There is every probability, indeed, that the play, which is superbly mounted so far as regards artistic scenery, will remain in favor for many months to come." At Astley's "Mazeppa" was revived July 1, with Miss Lisa Weber and her trained horse in the title-role. The name of the play in which Miss Rose Rytinge was announced to open in at the Olympic Theatre July 8 is "The Life and Death of Nancy Sykes." The cast includes the following who are known in America: Bill Sykes, Cyril Searle; the Artful Dodger, Robert Pateman; Fagin, G. W. Anson; Oliver Twist, Miss Little Coote (who appeared here on the variety stage); and Miss Mayle. Miss Edith Blande..... "The Octoroon" and "The Colleen Bawn" are the attractions at the Circus.

CHARLES MATHEWS' FUNERAL took place June 29 at Kensal green Cemetery, London, Eng., and his remains were laid to rest in close proximity to those of his first wife (Madame Vestris), and near those of his mother. The attendance of professionals and distinguished persons was large. The coffin, which bore the inscription "Charles James Mathews; died 24th June, 1878, aged 74 years," at the close of the services was almost entirely concealed by the floral offerings placed upon it.

BLONDIN commenced a series of high-rope performances in Paris, France, June 22. He has erected a canvas upon the site of the old Hippodrome, 300ft. long, 200 wide and 50 high. By private advices we learn that he is doing a large business.

F. B. CHATTERTON, who has successfully managed at various times the St. James, the Princess, the Adelphi and Drury-lane Theatres, London, Eng., has temporarily relinquished the reins of management, and T. G. Clark has now charge of the Adelphi.

J. L. TOOLE took the chair at the Thirty-third anniversary festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund July 2, in London, Eng., and the result of his humorous appeal for this charity was the contribution of upwards of £1,000.

MR. SOTHERN is credited with having written a comedy entitled "Trade," which he intends producing in the United States.

THE HOT WEATHER has played such havoc with the attendance at the London, Eng., theatres that the managers have been put to sad straits in inventing excuses for closing. The following was posted on the doors of the Park Theatre: "In consequence of the *storm*, this theatre is closed until further notice."

THE REVIVAL of "The Little Duke" at the St. James Theatre, London, is pronounced a failure..... While Hill act in the Lyceum Theatre in "Mary Warner" and "Leah,"..... Drury-Lane had not been rented up to July 6.

IT IS DENIED that Maurice Grau has engaged Miss Adelaide Nelson for a tour of the United States in ex season; and, although Mr. G. is in England, it is asserted that he has not even seen Miss N., because she is rusticating in Switzerland.

MUSICAL.

MLLE. VAN ZANDT has been engaged by J. H. Mapleson for a term of years for Her Majesty's Opera, London, Eng.

MR. PAPPENHEIM, while singing in "Fidelio" at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Eng., June 29 (her second appearance), suffered from a bleeding of the nose through the first act, and was compelled to attend to her more to effectively introduced Emmet's song "Oh! He hit me on the nose."

MME. ZARE THALBERG had just recovered from a severe attack of bronchitis, and gone to Paris, France, for a brief period, thence to her estate in Spain. She returns to Covent-garden, London, next season.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG and Max Strakosch had arrived in London, Eng.

VARIETY HALLS.

IMPORTANT TO VARIETY PERFORMERS who contemplate visiting England is the following letter from an old correspondent:

LONDON, ENG., June 28, 1878.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* Surely America must be suffering from a dearth of performers, as the variety element has apparently transplanted itself now from Broadway, New York, to the junction of York road and the Westminster-bridge road, and instead of the numerous performers (especially song-and-dance) one would have went to see in the neighborhood of the St. Charles Hotel in your city, we find them outside the York Hotel in Merry England. I stood on the steps one morning the other morning, and in less than one hour I counted over forty performers, and still they come," some with return tickets, which is the variety business in England must have been represented as something great in the States, or why should so many "sadder and wiser men" not long ago return to the Lorbey Bros., the balancing-ladder and Romer, Dubing, Andy McKee and the Landis Bros. (two; Glasgow; the Paynes (two), Nelson Family (three), Leona Dare, Hamlin (three), Lin, Mlle. the Garnella (two), and Lurline in Norway; The Garettas (four); and in Dundee, the Weston Sisters (two). Yours truly,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN THE LIGHT-HAMMER THROW at the games of the Waterbury (Ct.) Caledonian Society July 6, Duncan C. Ross was credited with a throw of 113 feet 10 inches, Chas. Kelly following with 106 feet 3 inches.

C. M. DAVIS and Robert Howard are to run 125 yards at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, July 25, Davis staking $300 to $400, and giving two yards start to his opponent.

A. P. MESSINGER, the well-known bicyclist, and L. Delevante are doing an aerial act of a startling character, which they call "The Ride for Life."

NICK ROBERTS'

HUMPTY DUMPTY GRIMALDI.

"TRADE MARK."

SEASON OF 1878 AND 1879.

N. D. ROBERTS - - - - Sole Proprietor and Manager

CARD.

I take great pleasure in announcing to managers and the public in general that my next regular traveling season will Commence on or about Oct. 21, 1878, either from New York or vicinity. As it has always been my aim to present nothing but THE VERY BEST, I would respectfully state that the company selected for the coming tour will by far EXCEL ALL PREVIOUS EFFORTS (a surprise for a generous public), INTRODUCING NEW FACES, NEW SPECIALTY ARTISTS, ALL STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS, in conjunction with the able members of the past season. I have engaged

TWO GRIMALDIS,

one of whom is ENTIRELY NEW to the American stage, while the other is a reliable and established favorite.

THE BEST COMIC-TRICK CLOWN IN THE WORLD

THREE DISTINCT PANTOMIMES:

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NEW MUSIC, NEW SCENERY, NEW WARDROBE,

INCLUDING A

COMPLETE SET OF NEW TRICKS,

By the Master Mechanic MR. ROBERT J. CUTLER.

Confident that my labors will be duly appreciated, I remain, as ever,

N. D. ROBERTS.

Address as above. Bush-street Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., up to August 2, Omaha, Neb., up to August 15, after that Cincinnati, O., care Walnut-street House, until further notice.

N. B.—MR. GEORGE H. ADAMS, one of my former clowns, will not be connected with this company. 17-1t

NEW SONGS, "That Soft, Sweet Waltz," "See if I'd Get Mad," and "I'm the Governor's Only Son," 35 cents each. HARDINGER, 229 Bowery. 17-1t

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MISS CONCETTA, with a carefully SELECTED COMIC COMPANY and a new and ATTRACTIVE REPERTOIRE, will travel during the season of 1878-79. Managers of theatres, halls, etc., and those having circuits (only play on percentage) will address FRANK WILLARD, Drawer 37, P. O., Ypsilanti, Mich. 17-1t

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ATLANTIC GARDEN,
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WILL CLOSE SUMMER SEASON
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All people booked here will consider dates canceled, but write again in September. 17-1t*
CHAS. BARTINE, Manager.

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TO BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC
221 to 229 Vine street, Philadelphia. The above place will be closed July 6, for the purpose of altering the auditorium and enlarging the stage, and will be reopened again on or about Aug. 5. Artists booked for the above weeks will please write and get new dates. Only artists of acknowledged ability need hereafter write. Silence a positive negative. [17 13t] HARRY F. SEYMOUR, Manager.

J. A. MARTIN,
PROPERTY MAN AND MAKER, open for Fall and Winter season. 234 W. Houston street, New York. 17-1t*

JAMES M. GILBERT, COMEDIAN,
MISS BELLE GILBERT, SOUBRETTE, AT LIBERTY.
Address care HARRY VERNON, Grand Rapids, Mich. Especially is this true of Miss Belle Gilbert, who unites the qualities of a pleasing actress with those of a rare and richly cultivated vocalist. Her solo last evening being heartily encored until the young lady was obliged to come forward and favor the audience with another sweet and rippling song.—LINCOLN (NEB.) DAILY GLOBE, Jan. 4.

ADAPTED FROM GERMAN.
Interesting five-act melodrama, with two strong parts in it for lady and gentleman, for sale. Address for particulars DRAMA, Mrs. C. A. N. Smith, Photograph Gallery, 304 Bowery, N. Y.

WHO SPEAKS FIRST?
THE MESSRS. AUSTINS, EMMA and CHARLEY, America a Greatest Character Change Artists; Duke's Artists; also, Single Specialists, Belringers, etc., can be engaged on or after Sept. 1 by first-class managers only. Permanent address in care of Rev. Bob Metcalf, St. Charles, Ill. Would like to hear from W. F. Spaulding or Berger Family. 17-1t*

THE JOLLY WYMANS,
ALF AND LULU,
open for engagement next season to responsible parties.
GERMAN AND SOCIETY SKETCH ARTISTS. Address WINDSOR HOUSE, Opposite the Palmer, Chicago, Ill. 17-1t*

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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the out-side pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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A GOOD HUMORIST,
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ONE FINE BASS,
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WANTED, LADIES and GENTLEMEN—good dressers, street and stage. Salary very low. Address,
STATING SALARY FIRST TIME
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"Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the Opera-house last night, was greeted by the largest audience that ever assembled in Dole's Opera-house. Mr. Charles Forbes, the gentlemanly manager, has certainly brought together a most excellent company of artists. Each member seems well calculated for the respective part that he or she represents, and the little child Eva, only three years old, is wonderful. Mrs. Nelson Knox in the role of Topsy is superior in that special character. We do not hesitate to say that this is the best company throughout that has visited this city. Mr. Forbes is not only a popular manager, but a perfect gentleman, and should he visit this city again in the future he would most assuredly meet with a hearty welcome and an overflowing house.
The receipts of the evening were $303, and 192 reserved seats were sold.—MATTOON JOURNAL.
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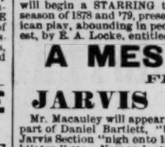

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VOICE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PRESS.
HARRIGAN AND HART have played to full houses through the week in their piece "The Doyle Brothers." The versatility of the two leaders is surprising. As Johanna McCann it is difficult to believe that Hart is not one of the gentler sex, and his London dancer, by its naturalness, does not weaken the impression. The pair make perfect Cockneys, the accuracy with which the dialect is mimicked being something remarkable. The same is true of them as darkies, while Harrigan's Irish impersonations are inimitable in action, accent and make-up. They both sing well, and are incessantly amusing, while much of the dialogue is witty as well as funny. Not the least of the attraction is the orchestra, under Mr. Dave Braham. Their playing seems to partake somewhat of the newness of the rest of the performance. They pleasant to listen to.—DAILY EVENING POST, June 8, 1878.
BUSH-STREET THEATRE.—The Harrigan & Hart Combination, a company which comes to the coast extremely well appointed, with actors for even the most subordinate characters, with a superior orchestra and a well-drilled juvenile military company, has been giving entertainments to large audiences at the Bush-street Theatre. They seem to have touched a chord in the popular heart which beats responsive. The specialities are good. Both Harrigan and Hart are clever in the different lines of business. The first has the wider range, being older and more experienced. It cannot be said that he has more talent, for the two are pretty evenly matched. Both show nearly the same finish in the execution of their work. Both know the ability they have, and never attempt to transcend it, are a host in themselves, and capable of furnishing an evening's amusement.—SUNDAY CHRONICLE, June 9, 1878.
One of the best Irish pieces we have seen on the stage is "The Doyle Brothers," as played by the Harrigan & Hart Company with which the Bush-street Theatre last week. The peculiarity of this play is that, while the broad effects are good, there is an attention to filling-in and detail that makes the performance thoroughly satisfying, and justifies unreliable merriments. The boys who compose the miniature "Sixty-ninth" are all Irish-American, and born in New York. They have been thoroughly drilled, and move with almost automatic precision. We have heretofore alluded to the music of this company. It is one of the features of the entertainment.—DAILY MORNING CALL, June 9.
BUSH-STREET THEATRE.—Harrigan and Hart, the clever protean artists, made their first appearance last Monday evening in their play of "The Doyle Brothers." Messrs. Harrigan and Hart are talented in their line; they sing well, and are full of wit and humor, being also well skilled in dialect imitations. Harrigan's Italian Chestnut Man is really artistic, while Hart's Irishwoman is equally good. The drill of "The 69th" by a squad of well-trained boys is one of the best features of the performances. The attendance during the week was large.—DAILY ALTA CALIFORNIAN AND SAN FRANCISCO TIMES, June 9. It

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